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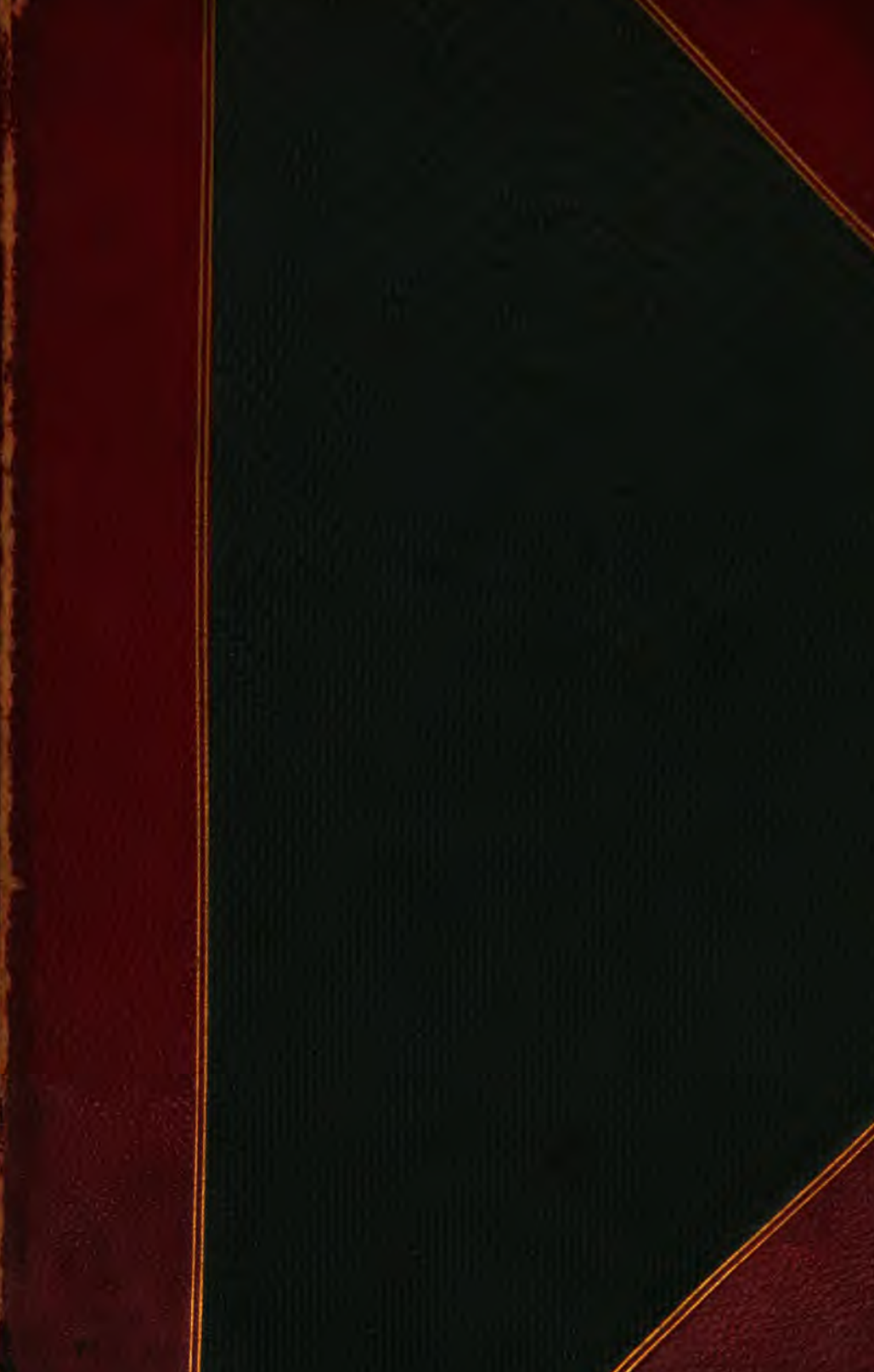
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*B. Williams Ball.*



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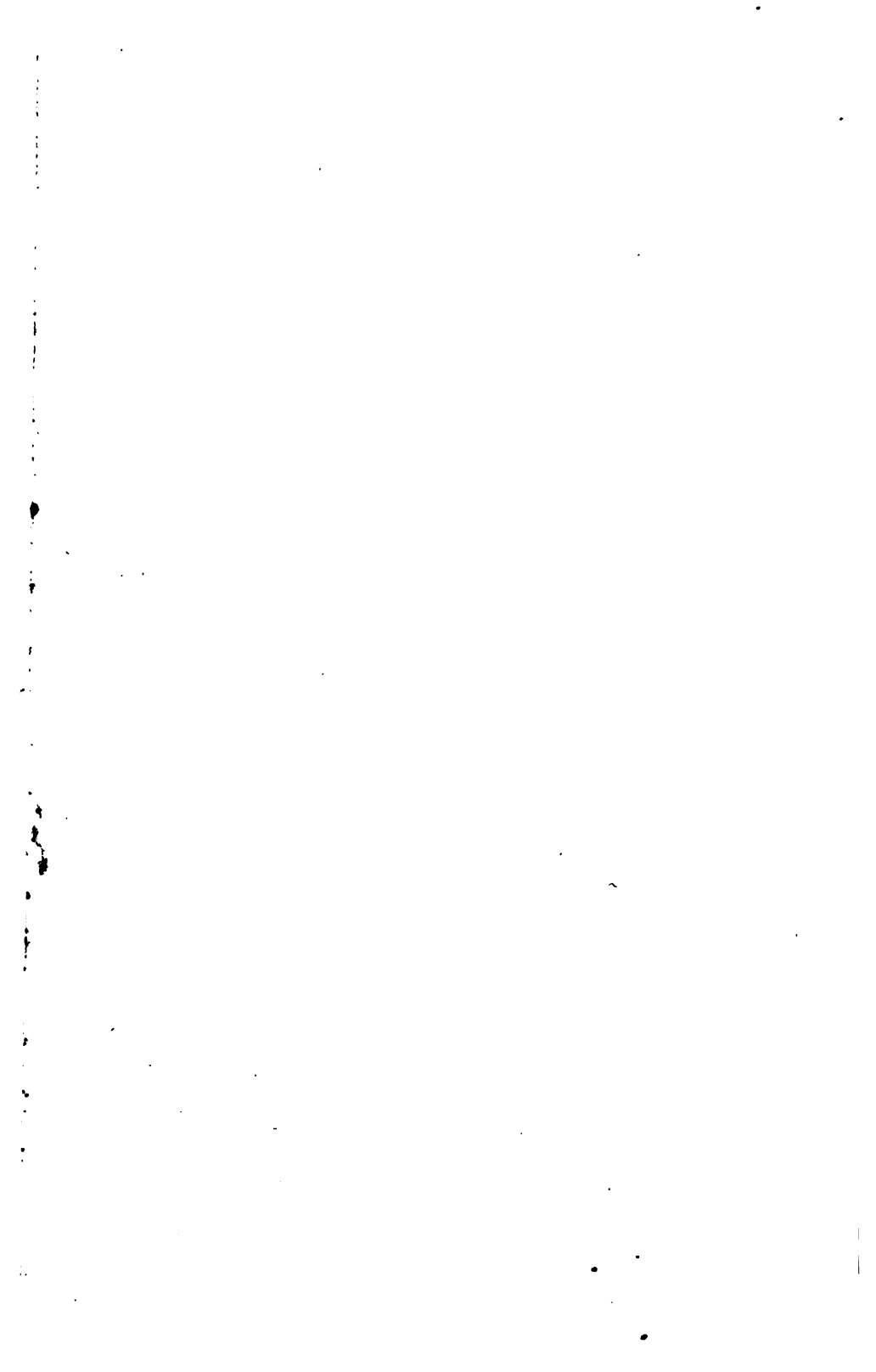
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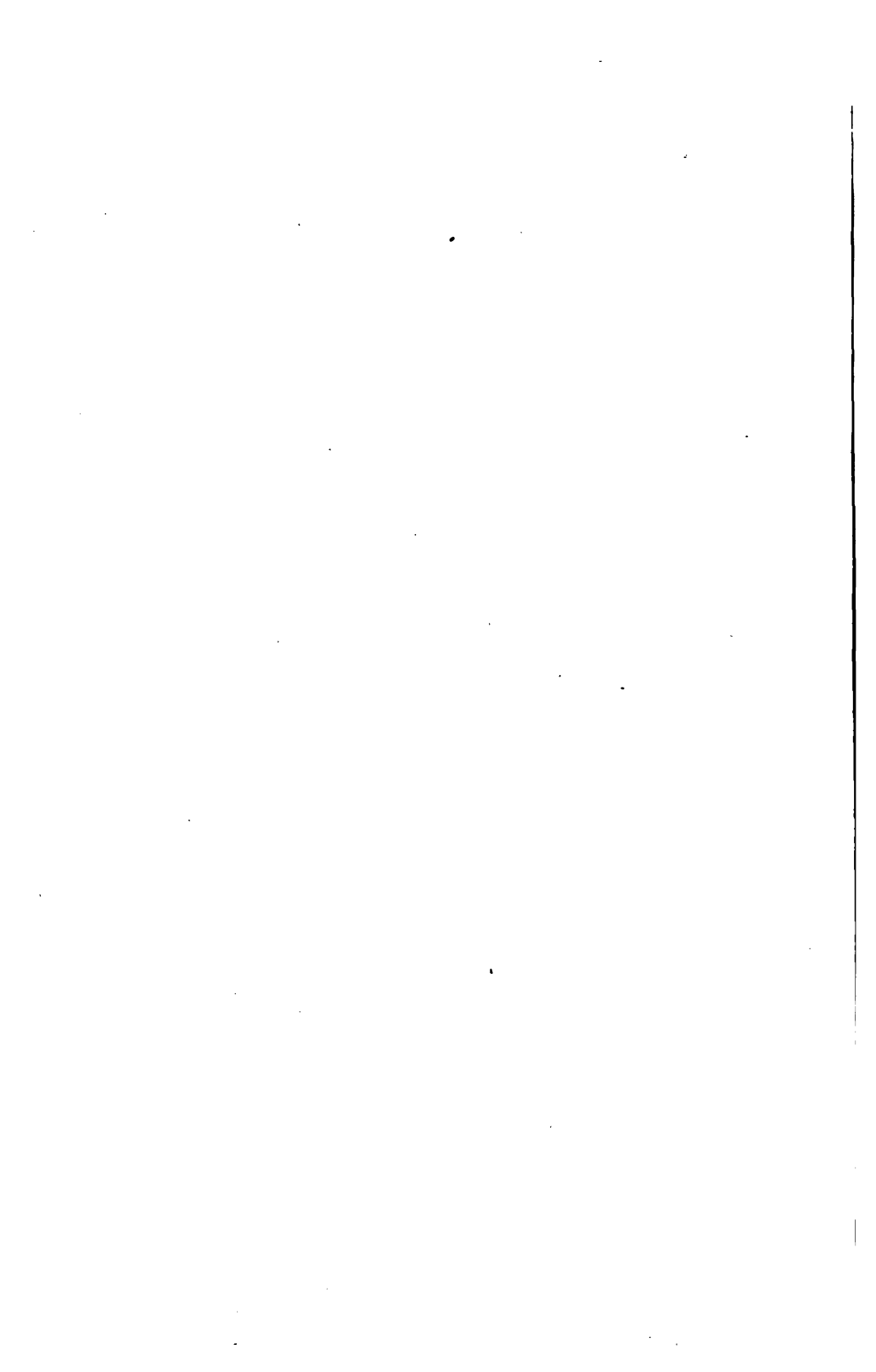
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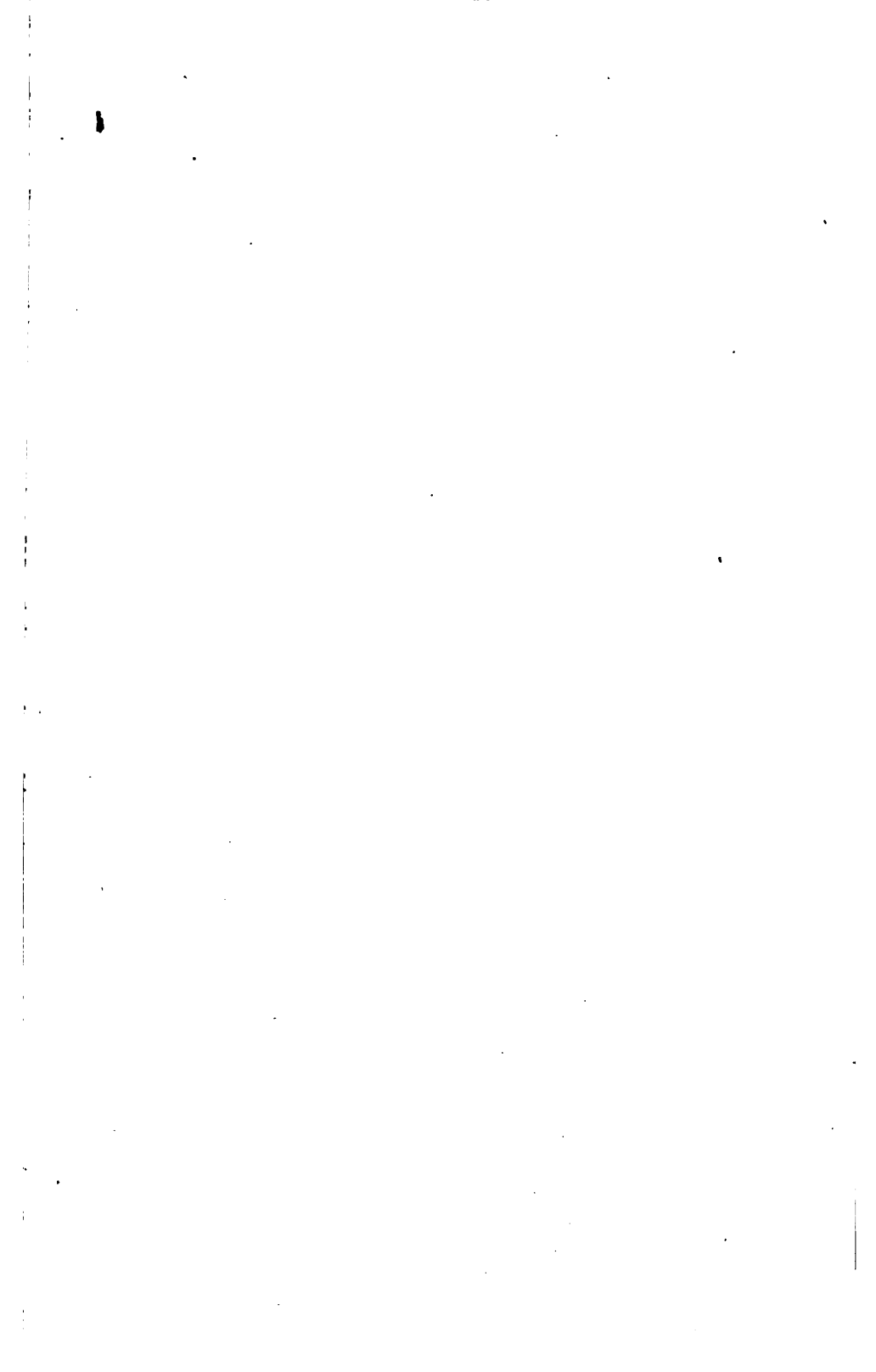
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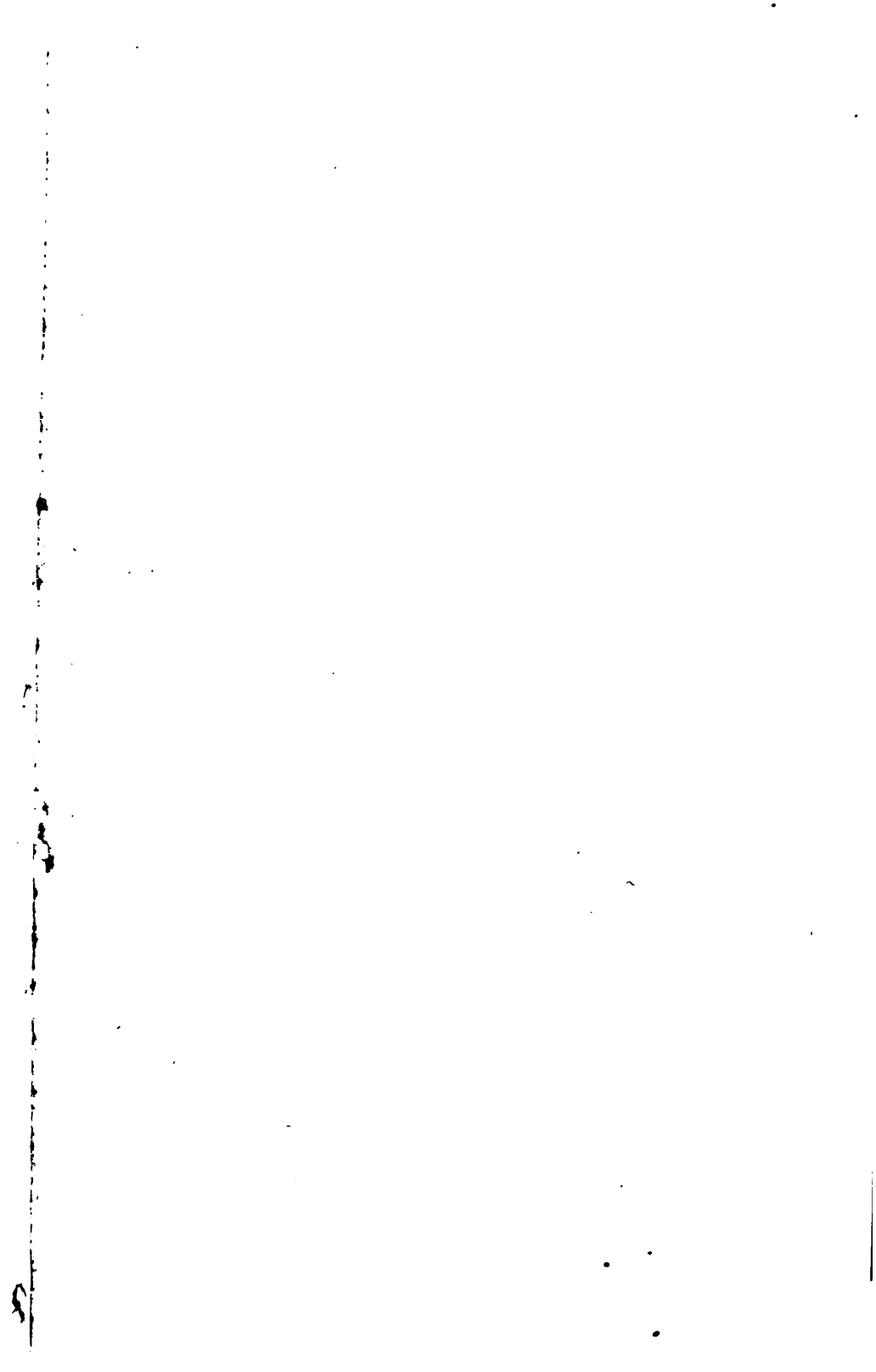




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# DER FREISCHÜTZ

TRAVESTIE:

BY

SEPTIMUS GLOBUS, ESQ.

---

Oh! oh! says he, I'm up to snuff!  
It's No. 7!---I've enough!

*Last Act.*

---

WITH

TWELVE ETCHINGS,

BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK,

FROM DRAWINGS BY AN AMATEUR;

AND THE

ORIGINAL TALE

WHEREON THE

GERMAN OPERA IS FOUNDED.

---

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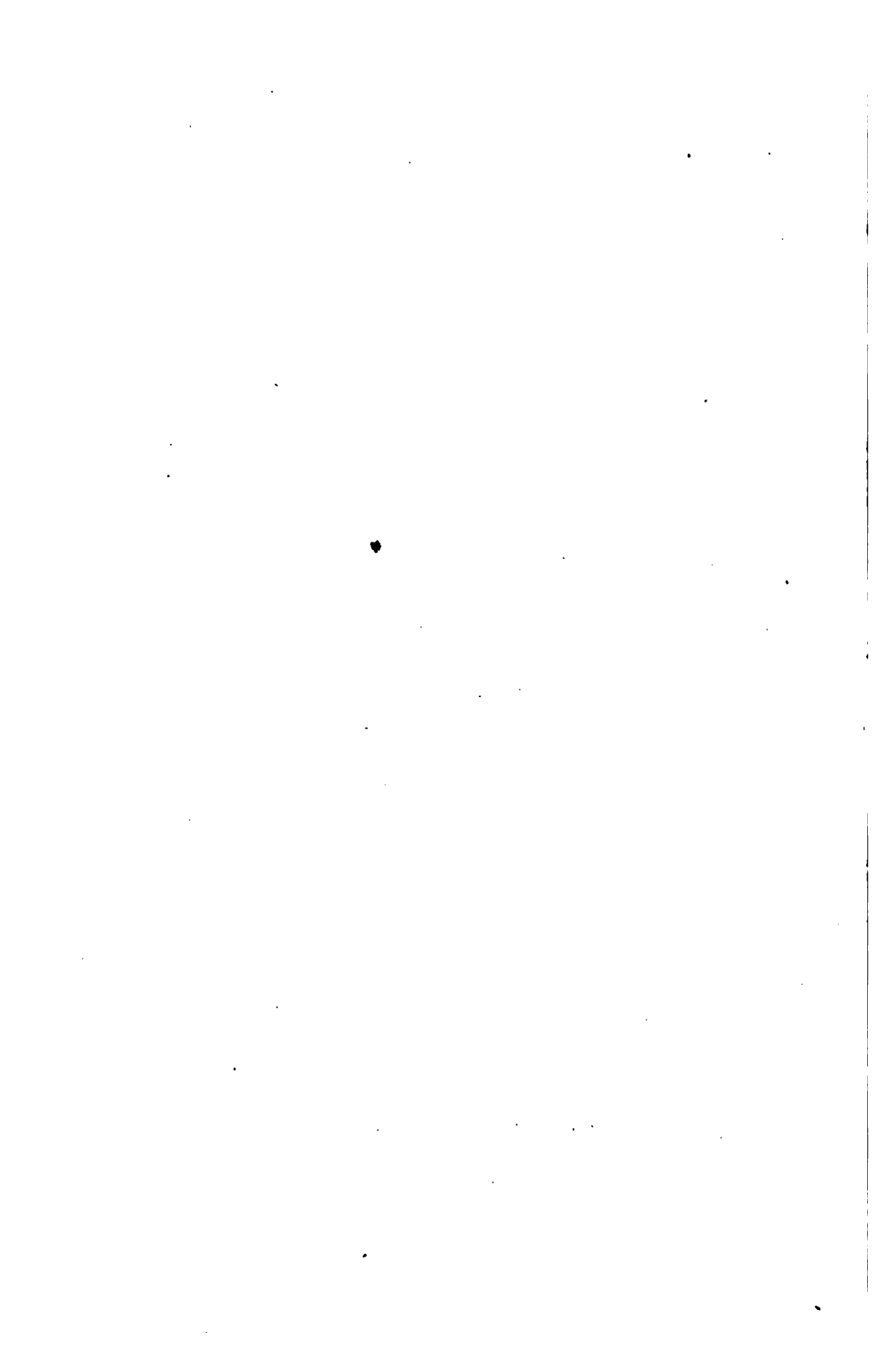
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1824.







# **DER FREISCHÜTZ:**

**A NEW**

**MUSE-SICK-ALL AND SEE-NICK**

**PERFORMANCE**

**FROM THE**

**NEW GERMAN UPROAR.**

**BY THE CELEBRATED**

**FUNNYBEAR.**

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

---

OTTOCAR, *a Bohemian Prince*—the least principal character.  
KUNO, *Ranger of the Forest*—nothing but a good one.  
RODOLPH, *a Huntsman*—with a *rifle*, of a melancholy *turn*, in love with Agnes.  
CASPAR, *a ditto*—wiley; unwilling to discharge his obligations till forced.  
ROLLO, *another ditto*—fond of *Spirits* and wicked; in the end *Moral*.  
KILIAN, *a Villager*—with a light heart, and large shorts.  
ZAMIEL, *the Black Yager or Huntsman Spirit of the Forest*—cruel and phrenological; with ill looks and a large ladle.  
FIRST HUNTSMAN—Huntsman the first.  
SECOOD HUNTSMAN—Huntsman the second.  
THIRD HUNTSMAN—Huntsman the third.  
BELLMAN, *with large Bell and Voice*—tintinnabulary and vocal.  
POTBOY, *a serving-man*—civil and attentive.

AGNES, *Kuno's Daughter*—kind and coming; in love with Rodolph.  
ANNE, *her cousin*—a spinster with spirit; free and easy.  
WITCH OF THE GLEN—*given to low company*.  
LITTLE GIRLS, *in white*—do-littles.

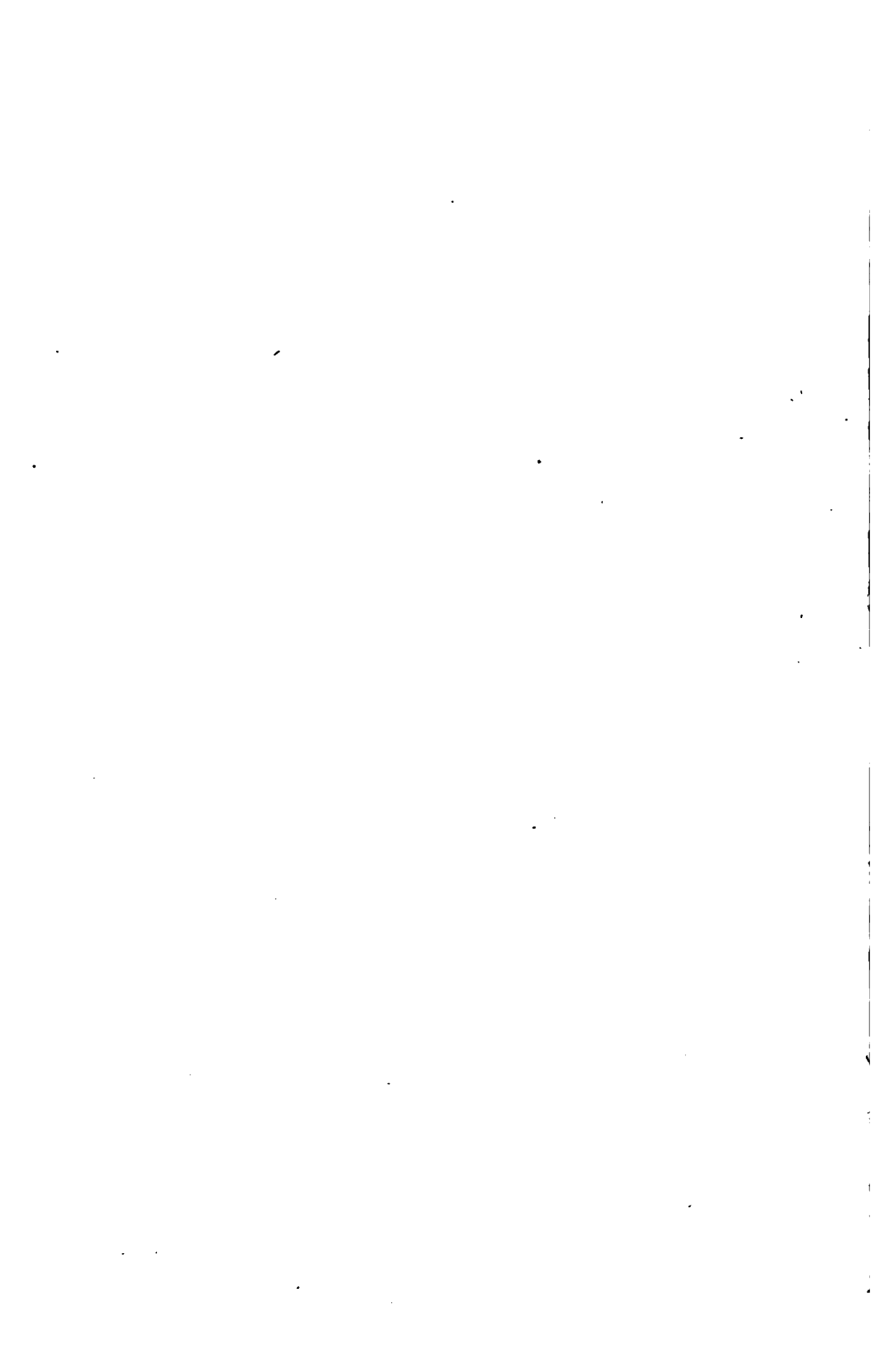
GHOST OF AGNES' SHOE, *Guardian Angel to Rodolph*—bright and fair; loquacious.  
GHOST OF RODOLPH'S GRANDMOTHER, *aged*—significant and silent.  
APPARITION OF AGNES, *youthful*—false.  
SPIRITS, *Invisible*—musical and prophetic.  
SPIRITS, *Evil*—neat.  
CLERK OF THE WORKS, *below*—with a *grave* voice.  
DEMONS, *restless*—out of employ.  
MONSTERS, *active*—the *Cholera-morbus*, &c.  
CORPSES *above ground*—on the go.  
AN ECLIPSE, *secundum artem*—nocturnal.  
A SONG, *by itself*—proper.  
No. 7—an *equivocal* character.

Exciseman, Prince's Footman, Reptiles, Monstrosities, Green Huntsmen, Verdant Villagers, Artillery Company, Watchmen, &c.

Popular Aërial, and Hear-ye-all Music; Grand Choruses, Roaruses, &c.

SCENE.—*A sequestrated part of the Imperial German Forest of Linden, in the Kingdom of Bohemia.*





# DER FREISCHÜTZ

TRAVESTIE.

---

ACT THE FIRST.

SCENE I.

*A Forest, with Trees.*

*Enter CASPAR and ROLLO.*

AIR.

CASPAR.

I'm *off*, good bye for ever! Roll!—I'm "*spoken to*"—  
heigh ho!

Old Zam comes *up* to-morrow, Roll—to take me *down*  
below.

ROLLO.

Well, don't take *on*, but put him *off*—and let him take  
your *word*,

Instead of *you*—a year or two—

CASPAR.

That *fetch* would be absurd—

ROLLO.

Pho! say that you'll *exchange* with him—I tell you  
for a fact

That we may catch that fool, Rodolph, by just a  
little tact.

CASPAR.

Is that the time o' day, my boy?—why Rodolph  
jockeyed me,—

He did for me with Agnes; she—shall see I'll do for  
he! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The outskirts of the Forest ; on one side a Cottage with door and windows ; at the door a table with legs ; under ditto RODOLPH's ditto ; his body seated ; his head on his left hand ; his elbow on the table ; his right hand on his right knee ; jugs and drinking horns on the table. On the same side CASPAR, ROLLO, and other huntsmen, in green, with rifles. On the other side, Villagers in their best clothes, with festival faces, headed by KILIAN, with hat and feather. In the middle, at the back, a target. KILIAN and the Villagers dance ; RODOLPH still sits, and huntsmen stand at ease. RODOLPH rises, fires at the target, and misses. KILIAN fires at it, and hits the bull's-eye.*

## SONG—KILIAN.

*Tune in DER FREISCHÜTZ.*

What d'ye all stand there for, gazing ?

Why good people, ar'n't you praising ?

Bullet in bull's-eye to day !

Ar'n't I king, pray, ay ? ay ? ay ?

*Laughing Chorus.* Ay ! ay ! ay !

RODOLPH rises ruefully on his legs ; puts his toe wistfully on the trigger, and his chin completely on the muzzle of his rifle, in order to shoot himself properly.

KILIAN to RODOLPH.

Stop! oh dear! we do not slight you!

Stop the bullet! I invite you!

In the target put it pray!

Here it is, Sir, Ay! ay! ay!

(*shews Rodolph the target.*)

*Laughing Chorus.* Ay! ay! ay!

*Enter KUNO.*

AIR—*This is a day of jubilee, cajollery.*

KUNO.

Run, rascals run, how dare ye be uproarious,

Such a row as this was never seen;

What here, laugh here, though Rodolph's not victorious,

Tell me, I say, what does it all mean?

KILIAN.

Stuff! it's enough, to make any body laugh you know,

When a marksman misses every mark;

I remark its remarkable, when Ranger Kuno

Comes to praise Rodolph, who shoots in the dark.

CASPAR.

Oh! oh! *I* know! we *all* know—that his powder

Never sends a ball but where it should not.

ROLLO.

His balls keep the *piece*—but *reports* will be louder

Against him if he miss the *Try-all* shot.

KILIAN.

Ay! what's that shot?

KUNO.

Don't you know my uncle, Hotfer,

Shot a stag and saved a man tied to's back?

And, the day to commem'rate, the finest girl's shot for—

Agnes to-morrow's a wife in a crack!

[*Exeunt all except Rodolph.*]

RODOLPH (*soliloquizing.*)

I'm undone! *done!* How is it that the muzzle  
Of my gun's *muzzled*—it is all a puzzle!  
Something's *amiss* or I should get a *hit!*  
Yet nothing falls but me—the deuce a bit.  
I've shot all day, and yet not had a shot:

(CASPAR and ROLLO enter and listen.)

If I were *game* I'd shoot myself; for what  
Is life—without a wife? Agnes, to-morrow,  
Will be the prize of him, who, to my sorrow,  
Hits the mark. And then old honest Kuno—

(RODOLPH comes forward.)

ROLLO.

Will give her to the winner, I think *you* know.  
This comes of *missing*—she's the only *miss*  
That you'll not get.

RODOLPH.

Don't bother me!

ROLLO.

How's this?

Not take a joke from me, your old friend Rolly,  
Your honest flasking friend? come, drink, be jolly!

(CASPAR comes forward, takes a horn of  
liquor from the table.)

What are you drinking, Rodolph? (*tastes*) Shocking!  
foh!

It's water! Come, I'll treat you—here! *House!* ho!

*Enter* POTBOY.

CASPAR.

I thought you'd some good *Daffy* hereabouts?

POTBOY.

The best, Sir.

CASPAR.

Bring a quartern and three outs.

*Enter POTBOY with pewter measure and three-out glass ;  
CASPAR fills and hands to RODOLPH and ROLLO.*

CASPAR.

Come, here's the health of Agnes,—your's to be!

*(ROLLO drinks with them.)*

We'll have a song from Rollo—something free.

### BACCHANAL SONG.

ROLLO.

*Tune in DER FRIESCHUTZ.*

Life is darkened o'er with woe,

Bid the liquid chrystal flow,

Hodges' Best's the best below!

Oh if Bacchus, God of Wine,

Drank it, he'd be more divine!

Fill the *double-go* before ye,

*Daffy! Daffy!* we adore thee.

Life is darkened o'er with woe,

Thompson, Fearon, Coates, and Co.

Keep it white, and bright, below!

Blest by *Daffy*, who'd sip wine?

*Daffy* makes a man divine!

Fill the *double-go* before ye,

*Daffy! Daffy!* we adore thee!

RODOLPH.

Excuse me, gentlemen, for being free,

I neither like your songs nor company.

CASPAR.

That's *free*, and *easy*, and, what I call, civil!

*(Aside)* I'll do my best to send you to the devil.

Why perhaps *to-morrow* you'd not like, I guess,

To win the trial shot and Agnes?

RODOLPH.

Yes.

CASPAR.

Then don't be chuff: I'll put you up to something  
You don't yet know, and which you'll think a rum thing,  
Old Mother Red-Cap has turn'd all your luck.

ROLLO.

Old chap!—you'll never shoot another buck!

RODOLPH.

What?

CASPAR.

Mark my words. My *never* failing gun  
I bet against your *ever* failing one,  
*I'll always* hit.

RODOLPH.

(*Aside*) Ah! that's a hit at *me*.

CASPAR.

Here take this ball, (*points in the air*) there's a cock  
eagle—see!

Hit him—up there—I never saw one higher:  
Quick! with your rifle, man! have at him—fire!

CASPAR AND RODOLPH *sing*.

*Here we go up, up, up.*

CASPAR.

There he goes up! up! up!  
Ram the shot down! down! down!  
I bet it will lay him flat.

RODOLPH.

It don't for half-a-crown!

CASPAR.

Done!

RODOLPH.

Done!

CASPAR.

Take aim at his neck,  
Don't stand and stare like a gaby!

RODOLPH.

You fool! he's so high he's a speck,

CASPAR.

And you are a speck of a baby!

RODOLPH *lets fly in a passion at the flying eagle—looks up  
for a moment—then down—shakes his head—and  
CASPAR laughs.*

AIR—RODOLPH.

*Pray, Goody.*

Pray Caspar do not aggravate a man in love by fun,  
Go play your tricks on trav'lers if you please!  
Remember what you betted me!—(CASPAR *laughs*)  
I am not to be done!

At half a crown I don't choose to sneeze!

Pay me, slay me!

Pay, ere you betray me!

If you douse me off, you chouse me, never more to teaze,  
Pray Caspar do not aggravate a man in love by fun,  
Go play your tricks on trav'lers if you please!

AIR—CASPAR.

*Oh rest thee my darling.*

Come don't *ring the changes*!

There's *chaffing* enough!

So *fork out* two bob and

A *tester*—no stuff!

A *cove*, on the *cadge*, is a fellow, d'ye see,

That's far more genteel now, than you are  
to me.

Then *fork it out! fork it out!*

*Tip it to-day!*

I shall not stand nonsense (*clenches his fist*)

Here's a *bunch of fives!*—pay!

*The Eagle has been falling till now, and now falls on*  
 RODOLPH's head.

RODOLPH (*reels*).

Halloo! I say! (*sees the Eagle*) why isn't this a quiz?

CASPAR.

No, its the *Eagle!*

RODOLPH (*astonished at its size*).

What a monster!

CASPAR.

'Tis;

I'll have a wing however, (*cuts one off*) now you know

I hope, what *charming* balls these are?

RODOLPH.

I do.

CASPAR.

You *take?*

RODOLPH.

I'm *fly!* I say, my buck, I want

A few more of them—

CASPAR.

No.

RODOLPH (*holds his hand out*).

Pray do!

CASPAR (*shakes his head*).

I can't.

RODOLPH (*knowingly*).

Oh, oh! Ah, ah! I'm *down*—what balls are these?

CASPAR.

Ah! there's the secret

RODOLPH.

Tell me, if you please.

CASPAR.

They cost a *deal* too much to give away.  
The one you shot the eagle with to-day,  
I just obliged you with.—I had a latent  
Love towards you.

RODOLPH.

I suppose they're *patent* !

CASPAR (*impressively*).

Hush! by the yager-spirit's aid,  
When the moon's eclipsed they're made,  
With mystic rite and ceremony,  
Not to be told for any money,  
Would you know more—Zamiel himself  
Can best explain. I know the elf:  
*To-morrow* I shall see him, for  
I've an appointment with him—or,  
He's not far off, and, if you choose,  
I'll call him now, and introduce  
You to him.

RODOLPH.

No—and—yet, I'd know  
The secret---

CASPAR (*very loud*).

What ho! Zamiel! ho!

ZAMIEL (*without*).

Who calls?

CASPAR.

'Tis Caspar.

ZAMIEL.

Well!

CASPAR.

Come here!

ZAMIEL (*sullenly*).

To-morrow I *must* come.

CASPAR (*dictatorially*).

Appear!

*Enter ZAMIEL in human shape, with burning red cup-and-saucer eyes, and strong tea complexion, black and green, mixed; a Spanish hat and cock-tail feather; mantle, flame colour; waistcoat, and tights, ditto, to match; boots of undressed leather and a large plumbers' melting-ladle by his side. RODOLPH terrified.*

CASPAR to ZAMIEL.

Rodolph, a gentleman, a friend of mine,  
Would do some business with you in your line,  
He's not been quite so lucky, here, of late,  
In shooting; so, he wishes me to state,  
He shoots to-morrow, and—

ZAMIEL.

To-night!

At twelve! a witch cuts off the light!  
Full half an hour before night-noon  
In the Wolf's Glen—attend! Be soon!

[*Exit ZAMIEL leaving RODOLPH trepidated—ZAMIEL returns.*

ZAMIEL to RODOLPH.

What ho! young man! approach! I must  
Not have this quailing! Come here! Just  
Let me examine if your *bumps*  
Are trustworthy enough!

(*feels Rodolph's head and exclaims*)

What lumps!

Here's *secretiveness*! here's *ideality*!  
Here's *veneration*!

RODOLPH (*a little less frightened, but much astonished*)

Is this *reality*?

ZAMIEL.

I never handled such a head !

We'll have a *cast* ! dismiss your dread !

(*Zamiel turns away to depart.*)

RODOLPH (*with timidity.*)

I think I've *courage* !

ZAMIEL (*returns, and feels again.*)

It's a mountain !

Remember ! at the Wolf's Glen fountain !

[*Exit ZAMIEL, Enter ROLLO.*

CASPAR (*aside to ROLLO.*)

All's right ! but *nail* him !

[*Exit CASPAR.*

ROLLO.

Ah ! what Roddy ?

Excuse my freedom, for I see

You keep your *bettters'* company.

RODOLPH.

I'm lost in horror !

ROLLO.

What a noddy !

RODOLPH.

Do you know *Zamiel* ?

ROLLO.

Very well.

RODOLPH.

Then, perhaps, you also know his dwell-  
ing ?

ROLLO.

O yes, sure, its down in Hell-  
Met Place about the middle—why ?

RODOLPH.

I am to meet him, by and by,

At the Wolf's Glen—but stories told

About it, make one's blood run cold!  
They say its Satan's burying ground.

ROLLO.

You'll be a jest the country round.

RODOLPH.

If Agnes knew—what would she say?

ROLLO.

Ask her *to-morrow*! But *to-day*--  
Now—when to *gain* her you know how,  
Why *lose* her man? I've seen a doe,  
Who when her buck has turn'd his tail  
Upon another buck, and fail  
To fight him—then, I've seen her walk  
To t'other buck, and seem to talk,  
As though she said, come, you're the blade  
For me.—You blockhead! win the maid!  
Or some one else will! Mind your eye!  
Strike while the iron's hot!

RODOLPH.

I'll try!

AIR—RODOLPH.

*Love is like, &c.*—EDWIN.

Love! love! love's like a copy of uneas'ness,  
'Twont let a poor man go about his business.

- c/ct - 2 -



ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.

*A Room in KUNO the Ranger's House. Table and two  
Chairs near a Window with Doors.*

AIR—AGNES.

*"The Dandy O!"*

I declare its very queer  
That when Rodolph is not here,  
I can't help thinking he's a gallanting O!  
He'll marry me to-morrow,  
And soon find to his sorrow,  
How I'll rate him, if he's off a gallivanting O!

*Enter ANNE.*

AIR—ANNE (*archly*).

*"Hush a baby, bunting."*

Hush a lady! nunting!  
Your lover's gone a hunting,  
For to buy the wedding ring,  
And breeches, to be married in!

AGNES (*with her left hand holding her forehead chuckling  
—her right on her left side.*)

That girl will be my death!—she is so droll!

ANNE (*hastily*).

Well! how d'ye do?

AGNES (*slowly*).

Why—well—upon the whole.

*Enter RODOLPH, through the Window.*

RODOLPH (*hastily*).

My love and ———

## DER FREISCHUTZ

AGNES (*screams*).Murder! (*feigns a faint*).

RODOLPH.

What's the matter? (*kisses her*).AGNES (*apparently recovering*).

Oh!

RODOLPH (*kisses her again*).

Take this, and this ———

AGNES (*pushing him, with great languor*).

You fool, get out you, do!

RODOLPH.

Good bye! (*offers her a parting kiss*).AGNES (*alarmed*).

You're not going out again to-night?

RODOLPH (*determined*).

I must.

ANNE (*frumped*).

Well! that would be a pretty sight

Indeed!

AGNES (*sings and sobs*).

AIR.

“*Polly Hopkins*.”

Cruel! cruel! Rodolph! Oh!—Oh!

To serve me so!—oh! To serve me so! oh!

ANNE to RODOLPH.

You can't go, man!

RODOLPH.

Indeed, I must!

AGNES.

But when?

RODOLPH.

Directly—now!

AGNES.

But where?

RODOLPH.

To the Wolf's Glen.

AGNES (*starts*).

Oh! there's a *go*! I wish to know for what?

ANNE.

You're going a *larking*.

RODOLPH.

No---a buck I shot,

I must bring home.

AGNES.

I'm all on thorns!

*They say* the place is haunted!

ANNE.

And *my corns*,

*Say* there'll be rain; besides, there's an eclipse

In half an hour—

RODOLPH.

Come! I'll stop your thick lips! [*kisses her*.

ANNE.

You filthy wretch, you! go. [*Rodolph going*.

AGNES (*throwing her shoe after him*.)

Here! take my shoe

For luck!

RODOLPH (*kisses the shoe*.)

It is a precious gift from you, (*looks at it*.)

I see it has been mended too!

ANNE.

You'd better stay, for, it will be so dark,

You won't see wood from trees. There's thunder, hark!

RODOLPH.

Agnes—good bye.

AGNES.

Mind, now, you'll come back soon?

*Exit* RODOLPH (*singing*).

I will? (*and sings*) "I'll brush the cobwebs off the moon,  
And I'll be back again by and by!"

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

## SCENE II.

*The Forest.**Enter* RODOLPH.I'm mighty low! yet I must go. (*starts.*)What's that! [*Enter an Appearance—in the Air.*]

Halloo there! holla! ho!

[*Throws his arms about to drive it off—it stands still in  
the Air, RODOLPH stands still on the ground and  
gazes at it.*]

Is that my Agnes' shoe I see

Before me?—no—it cannot be,

For I both feel and see it here—[*takes the shoe from his  
pocket, rubs it, and then rubs his eyes.*]

It is its Ghost—I do declare!

GHOST OF AGNES' SHOE.

Rodolph!

RODOLPH.

Oh!

GHOST.

Rodolph!

RODOLPH.

Ma'am!

GHOST.

Young man,

Attend!

RODOLPH.

I will ma'am—if I can.

GHOST.

By your love for Agnes dear,  
Be afraid—and be in fear!  
Of her sweet shoe I am the *sole*,  
And, with a tongue, speak from the hole,  
Which from a crack became a tear,  
By buckle-tongue—forbear! forbear!

[GHOST *vanishes*.

RODOLPH (*ponders doubtfully, and expresses himself scornfully*.

*Shoe! shoe!* must I be spoken to,  
By the *sole* of an old shoe!  
It's a *slippery* hoax, that I don't like,  
An' I vow I'd half a mind to strike!  
Take warning from a parody  
Upon a proper Ghost?—Not I!  
No!—on I go, and dare, or die!

[*Exit with courage*.

### SCENE III.

#### THE WOLF'S GLEN.

*A craggy glen, unknown to men, surrounded by high mountains, where dwell the cat-a-mountains; down the side of one, unseen by the sun, runs a cascade, as if to ask aid of the full moon, shining dimly—very fearful and unseemly. In the foreground, gnarl'd, and bark-bound, an old blasted tree, most*

*shocking to see; on the knotty branch of which, near a dog's nest (a bitch) an old owl is sitting, like a lawyer to-wit-ing.*

CASPAR, *with a pouch and sword, as if about to hide a hoard, is engaged in making, by picking and raking, a circle of black stones, raw heads and bloody bones; in the middle of which is placed a skull, a conjuror's, dug when the moon was at full; an eagle's wing, (oh such a thing!) a crucible, and a bullet mould,—&c. more than can here be told.*

### AN UNHEARD CHORUS OF INVISIBLE SPIRITS.

Milk hath fallen from the moon—

*Milk below! Milk below!*

Many Milk-people have died

*Water oh! Tally oh!*

Ev'ry morn and afternoon

*Me-e-we! No sky blue!*

What shall be, who can decide

*One or two! I or you!*

Ere descends to-morrow's sun,

Deeds of wonder will be done.

*A Steam Jehu! holla-balloo!*

*The clock strikes TWELVE!—At the twelfth stroke CASPAR strikes his sword into a scull, elevates it, end runs into the circle.*

CASPAR (*loud*).

Zamiel! Zamiel! hear me! hear!

Here's a conjuror's scull!—up here!

ZAMIEL (*low*).

That's not enough for me, you fool!

CASPAR (*puts a large hot roasted potatoe on the scull.*)

This, then, I hope's a belly full?

*Enter a strange noise. Enter a motion that makes the rocks  
rock. Enter a split in a rock and discovers ZAMIEL.*

AIR.

*Bobbing Joan*

ZAMIEL.

Halloo! what's the row?

CASPAR.

Sir, I want to borrow—

ZAMIEL.

I have no *time*—No!

CASPAR.

My body's out——

ZAMIEL (*fiercely*).

To-morrow!

CASPAR.

*Back the duplicate —*

ZAMIEL.

Don't put me in a fury!

CASPAR.

Let me plead, and state--

ZAMIEL.

D'ye take me for a Jury?

*Chorus, both, Tol, lol, lol, tol, lol, &c.*

CASPAR.

*Interest I will pay—*

ZAMIEL.

What *time* do you want?

CASPAR.

Three years, from to-day

ZAMIEL.

No indeed! I can't!

CASPAR.

Rodolph is my *bonus*—

ZAMIEL.

And where is he, pray?

CASPAR.

Oh! I take the *onus*—

ZAMIEL.

Take yourself away!

*Chorus, both, Tol, lol, lol, lol, lol, &c.*

CASPAR.

Rodolph will come to be supplied,  
With bullets, which, of course, you'll *guide*.

ZAMIEL.

*Six will go true,*  
*The SEVENTH askew.*

CASPAR.

Skew that aside,  
To kill his bride.

ZAMIEL.

I will not.

CASPAR.

Why?

ZAMIEL.

I can't.

CASPAR (*aside*.)

You lie!

(*Loud*) Three years I want—before I go (*trembles*.)

ZAMIEL.

Put Rodolph in as *bail* below!

CASPAR.

S'cure him—will *he* suffice to pay?

ZAMIEL.

Perhaps!

CASPAR.

But say—

ZAMIEL.

He may!

CASPAR.

*Three years—for Rodolph now?*

ZAMIEL.

*I grant!*

CASPAR (*in ecstasy*).

Good! but—I say, you know, I want (*bowing*)  
Your ladle!

ZAMIEL.

*[Very slowly draws it  
From his side and throws it.*

Take it! ho! (CASPAR catches it.)

But hear! and know!

CASPAR (*delightedly and child-like*).

Oh! I borrow—

ZAMIEL (*enragedly and fiend-like*).

*Fool! TO-MORROW!*

*With me!—HE, or THOU!*

(CASPAR falls—Exit from him, a groan).

*Enter loud Thunder; exit ZAMIEL, with the sword, scull,  
and potatoe in a vanish; exit Thunder; enter Echo;  
after a time, exit Echo.*

In their place a flask, and a hearth,  
With lighted coals rise out o' th' earth.

CASPAR (*getting up and impatiently*).

Where is Rodolph niggling, where?

CASPAR *brings forward the fire and takes a sup from the  
flask.*

CASPAR (*doubtingly*).

He's a downy chap, I fear!

(*Anxiously*) Help! Zamiel, help!

*Enter a growl from below.*

*Enter RODOLPH on a high rock.*

RODOLPH.

How precious dark! and wild! O dear!

O! there is Caspar, I declare!

(*Sings*)—Tune—see *Der Freischutz*.

What's that? whisht!—whush!

Oh! an owl in an ivy bush!

How that old oak-tree's blasted branches,

Bother end to 'em, frown;

If I was stout i' th' haunches

I'd run! Who calls? I must—go!—down!

RODOLPH *walks, gingerly, down a few steps, and then stops.*

CASPAR (*sees RODOLPH*).

Thanks, Zamiel, thanks! the *thing* is done!

RODOLPH (*sings on the rock*).

I say, there! Caspar! that eagle's wing

Isn't yours! it's mine!—a pretty thing!

CASPAR.

Wasn't it kind to keep me waiting?

Come, come, don't stand up there, prating!

RODOLPH (*sings*).

Alas! (*stoops and rivets his eyes to a rock.*)

I cannot come!

In yonder room (*points to the rock over which an aged old woman looks at him, with her finger—by the side of her nose.*)

My Grandmother's Ghost is before my eyes!

She's in her shroud! I declare she looks wise!

Her finger's up! she seems to say,

You'd better go away!

CASPAR *hears this, while busily employed in the circle; he looks up, sees the GRANDMOTHER'S GHOST; starts,*

*and throws a quantity of charming fuel on the fire, which flames up.*

CASPAR (*wildly*).

Help! Zamiel! help!

*Thereupon a sudden groan from below, the Ghost of Rodolph's Grandmother disappears; in her place enter an apparition of AGNES; it runs down the rock, and looks coaxingly towards RODOLPH.*

CASPAR *to* RODOLPH.

Look up again, and down again,  
Lower and higher,  
See what your folly leads one to,  
I've let out the fire.

RODOLPH (*sings*).

My Agnes means, catch me below!  
Then I— then I— *must go!*

(*Music, in great perturbation.*)

RODOLPH *down*; AGNES *vanished*; RODOLPH *in amazement*; CASPAR *in the circle.*

RODOLPH (*sings a-la-Macheath*).

"My courage is out?"—

CASPAR (*hands him the brandy flask*).

Hold!

Drink! the night air is cold, (*carelessly*)  
Come in, come,—try your hand at a bullet.

RODOLPH.

Not for all the richest pelf—

CASPAR.

You've no more pluck than an Op'ra pullet.

RODOLPH.

Cast 'em, if you please, yourself—

CASPAR.

Come in (*carelessly*)

RODOLPH.

I won't (*floutingly*)—

CASPAR.

Come in now! (*encouragingly*) come! (*coaxingly*)

RODOLPH (*looking wise*).

I won't be caught—it's all a hum!

CASPAR (*winningly*).

I'll cast the bullets, if you *will* come.

RODOLPH (*knowingly*).

“Old birds are not to be caught”—

CASPAR (*darts his arm over the the circle, and pulls him in.*)

Well, come!

RODOLPH *finds himself, with astonishment, in the Magic Circle.*

*Enter OLD MOTHER RED-CAP, the Witch of the Glen, with a haggard visage and one eye; she stops suddenly; runs round the circle quickly; examines it carefully; and watches them maliciously.*

MOTHER RED-CAP (*sings boisterously*).

Fine goings on here; here! here's a riot!

You'd better, young gentlemen, be quiet!

(*CASPAR takes no notice of her*).

What! you *will* put me in a rage,

I'll have you *both* put in the cage!

Watchman! watchman! watch! watch! watch!

[*Exit with her eye—in a fine frenzy rolling.*

CASPAR *hands RODOLPH the brandy.*

Keep up your courage! what a cold hand!

Now, Rodolph, hear! “Be bloody, bold, and—

Resolute"—and we'll succeed,  
 In all we do—and do the deed!  
 Strange sights you'll see! strange forms will hurtle!  
 Perhaps you'll see—the ghost of Thurtell!  
 Strange spirits may appear—to help!  
 Perhaps they'll threaten—it's mere yelp!  
 Without the circle—dare not venture!  
 Within the circle none dare enter,  
 But our two selves. If either tread  
 A *foot* beyond—we both are dead!  
 Be *easy* then! Mark what *I* do—  
 And if perchance I should be fou',  
 With fumes o' th' Hell-broth, that I'm making,  
 D'ye hear now,—don't go in a taking!  
 But what I did and said repeat,  
 Exactly as I did! The feat  
 Will then be done,—and I shall wake,  
 And from the moulds the bullets take.  
 If you neglect—the thing's all up,  
 And we shall both with Zamiel sup!

### INCANTATION.

CASPAR *in the middle of the circle incessantly feeds the fire, and fans it with the EAGLE'S wing. RODOLPH restless by his side.*

CASPAR (*throws in Charms*).

Here's Lead—from a *parodist's* coffin that's dead!

*Chorus of Spirits.* No solo! no solo!

Here's Quick-Silver---to go with the lead!

*Chorus of Spirits.* Run run, oh! Good fun, oh!

Three charmed bullets—that hit the bull's-eye!

*Chorus of Spirits.* Oh! my eye oh! Betty  
 Martin oh!

Here's a bull's foot--that was baited ! and did die !

*Chorus of Spirits.* M. P. Gal. oh ! Act o' Pal oh !

Here are the strains--of a tortoiseshell cat !

*Chorus of Spirits.* Mow-wow---how ! Ah ! me-  
you-owe !

Here are the brains---of a cricket bat !

*Chorus of Spirits.* Bowl out, oh ! Stump out oh !

Here's a thread of life---snapp'd at a rout !

*Chorus of Spirits.* Hick, hack, hawk, oh ! To  
grave walk oh !

Here's a fly's eye---neatly cut out !

*Chorus of Spirits.* Ya-ah-hip, oh ! Answer  
whip oh !

Here are accidents--from bad old ways !

*Chorus of Spirits.* Tread-Mill oh ! Mac-Adam  
oh !

Here's some wisdom---of the good old days !

*Chorus of Spirits.* Ay, awe, hum, oh ! Fee,  
faw, fum, oh !

Here's a Lawyer's head--that managed suits well !

*Chorus of Spirits.* Mult. Com. Leg. oh ! Sec.  
Stat. oh !

Here's his knowledge of men--in a nutshell !

*Chorus of Spirits.* Nihil organ oh ! Observa-  
tion oh !

Here are hairs--from the tail of a founder'd nag !

*Chorus of Spirits.* Woe--woe--he ! Woe, woe,  
woe, oh !

Here are halters used--from the hangman's bag !

*Chorus of Spirits.* Sus. per Col. oh ! All a foll.  
oh !

[Incantation ends--Enter Bellman.]

INVOCATION.

CASPAR (*aloud.*)

Now's the time, and now's the hour !

*Pull up !* we shall have a shower !

BELLMAN (*sings.*)

BRAVURA.

OYEZ ! (*rings*) OYEZ ! (*rings*) OYEZ ! (*rings*).

I summon every occupation,

Trade, calling, rank, degree, and station,

Of spirits, wind and weather

Permitting, to come hither !

Each

With his hand

In his fist !

To run and

Go !

When he's bid, to fetch and carry ;

To and fro,

Between Caspar and old Harry,

All,

And all

Manner of messages, notes, letters,

Parcels, and other things, with care,

As they, in duty to their betters,

Are bound and ought to do. Appear,

Therefore, without delay,

At your peril ! Huzzah !—Huzzah !

*Chorus.* Huzzah ! Huzzah ! Huzzah !

CASPAR *puts the ladle on the fire.*

*A VOICE from the ladle.*

All's ready !—Hag appear !

Sweep thy way through the air,

Direct hither the foul North East,  
 That's neither good for man, nor beast,  
 With its blight and blast,  
 Till the balls are cast,  
 Eclipse the moon till all is blue!  
 Caspar! the *melting* waits for you!

## TRIO AND CHORUS OF EVIL SPIRITS.

*I'm a Yorkshireman.*

BRANDY.

I'm landed quite ripe from Bordeaux,  
 A *prime piece* incog. for a revelry!

RUM.

I'm from Jamaica—a word, ho!  
 All's *snug*! I'm *above proof* for *devilry*!

GIN.

Ruin! let me be admitted;  
 Though I'm *private—still* I like this rout here!

TOGETHER.

*All's right!* but nothing's *permitted*.

BRANDY.

Hush!

RUM.

Hush!

GIN.

Hush!

TOGETHER.

We'll all *run in* and *out* here.

*Chorus*, Rum-in-milk-titty, Gin-ditty; Brandy,  
 witty tea, rum go;  
 Rum-in-milk-titty, Gin-ditty; Brandy,  
 witty tea, *Bum*, oh!

*Enter Exciseman ; Spirits disappear below ; exit Exciseman after them.*

*Various monsters enter with a fire eye owl, and hideous howl. They approach the circle, and, restrained from passing it, surround its magic boundary in ceaseless motion.*

### CASTING THE BALLS.

*CASPAR hurries the melting.—Enter Plumbers firing, with the corpse of the ARTILLERY COMPANY. Other strange sights and sounds enter, and mix with the assembled Demons. CASPAR fans the fire with the eagle's wing. RODOLPH, unable to endure the agony of the crisis, fries a sausage for his supper ; and CASPAR folding his arms meekly over his breast implores from the demons*

### THE BLESSING OF THE BALLS.

*DEMONS chaunt.*

*Blessemin leadem, bonum ladleum et soundem ! cum multis lignum firehot en verite mouldem ! formis ballowax roundem ! Antimonyballum mouldissime sesame circulum ! Allaballa ! Allaballum ! Allabalallum !*

*Chorus, Allaballa ! Allaballum ! Allaballallum !*

### CHORUS OF DEMONS.

*It is our opening day.  
To-night's our melting day !  
Uprouse ye then,  
My merry, merry men,  
To-night's our melting day !*

*The following are the principal incidents while the seven balls are successively cast. CASPAR calls out the number of each and it is repeated by the assembled multitude of demons, and supernatural attendants to the CLERK OF THE WORKS below.*

**BALL 1.** *The Glen is eclipsed. OLD MOTHER RED-CAP places a frying-pan over the face of the moon, 'Deserted by the waning Moon.' Night birds appear; Tom and Jerry sing 'Over the Daffy to Charley.' Apparitions of various Monsters appear—Frankenstein, the Merman, Jonathan Wild, Renwick Williams, the Cholera Morbus, a Pig in a poke, Slender Billy, the Ghost of the Property Tax, Giles Scroggins's Ghost, the Ghost of a Scrag of Mutton, Jacky Mackacko, Three-finger-Jack, a Frog in an Opera Hat, Mother Brown-rig 'encompassed in an angel's frame,' &c.*

CASPAR, One!—DEMONS *repeat*, One, One!

One, One! One, One!

CLERK OF THE WORKS, &c. *below*, Go on!

Go on! Go on!

**BALL 2.** *MOTHER GOOSE with rotten eggs and various Reptiles, appear; Jerry Sneak, My Uncle, a Rattle-snake who had been a Watchman, a Tape-worm escaped from the Excise, &c.*

CASPAR, Two!—DEMONS *repeat*, Two,

Two! Two, Two! Two, Two!

CLERK OF THE WORKS, &c. *below*, 'Twill do!

'Twill do! 'Twill do!

**BALL 3.** *A Storm. 'Cease rude Boreas!' with a Hurri-*

*cane 'tantara-rara!' break down trees and scatter the fire, 'Cease your funning!'--Monstrous Forms move through the Glen; a Chancery Petition with Affidavits in support of motion, and the Master's Report, 'keep it up;' a full Chancery Suit, 'like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along!'--The torrent turns to blood--A dance. 'Flow thou regal'*

CASPAR, Three!--DEMONS repeat, Three,  
Three! Three, Three! Three, Three!

CLERK OF THE WORKS, &c. below, We see!  
We see! We see!

BALL 4. *The rattle of wheel-barrows, 'round and sound,' and tramp of horses, 'a groat a pound,' are heard.--Two wheels of a Hackney Coach on fire, and the 'Katharine Wheel in the Borough' roll through the Glen.*

CASPAR, Four!--DEMONS repeat Four,  
Four! Four, Four! Four, Four!

CLERK OF THE WORKS, &c. below, More,  
More! More, More! More, More!

BALL 5. *Neighing and barking 'old clothes!'--Skylarking--A wild chace in the clouds; an 'Ethereal Race--Inhabitants of air,' consisting of skeleton dogs muzzled, skeleton horses, and skeleton horsemen, with overalls and preservers, and MR. GREEN from the city, in pursuit of a skeleton stag 'to Bachelor's Hall,' with grave music accompanying the following.*

SONG AND CHORUS,  
BY SKELETON HUNTSMEN.

*Bright Chanticleer proclaims the dawn.*

The Moon's eclipse proclaims our hunt,  
The graves release their dead,  
The common man lifts up the wood,  
The Lord springs from the lead ;  
The Lady-corpses hurry on,  
To join the ghostly crowds,  
And off we go, with a ho ! so—ho !  
A—hunting in the clouds.  
With a hey, ho, chivey !  
Hark forward, Hark forward, tantivy ! &c.

No hill, no dale, no glen, no mire,  
No dew, no night, no storm,  
No earth, no water, air, nor fire,  
Can do wild huntsmen harm.  
We laugh at what the living dread,  
And throw aside our shrouds,  
And off we go, with a ho ! so—ho !  
A—hunting in the clouds.  
With a hey, ho, chivey !  
Hark forward, Hark forward, tantivy ! &c.

Oft, when by body-snatchers stol'n,  
And surgeons for us wait,  
Some honest watchmen take the rogues,  
To be examined straight,

We slip away from surgeons, and  
From Police-Office crowds,  
And off we go, with a ho! so—ho!

A—hunting in the clouds.

With a hey, ho, chivey!

Hark forward, Hark forward, tantivy! &c.

CASPAR, Five! DEMONS *repeat*, Five, Five!

Five, Five! Five, Five!

CLERK OF THE WORKS, &c. *below*, Be alive!

Be alive! Be alive!

BALL 6. *Tremendous Storm*, 'when the stormy winds do blow'—*Thunder lightning and hail*, 'louder and louder yet.' *A long Coach, without a Guard, unguardedly overturned. Meteors dart through the air*, 'Ladies in furs, and Gemmen in spurs,' *and dance on the hills* 'toeing it and heeling it.' *The Torrent foams and roars*, 'bow, wow, wow.' *The rocks are riven*, 'stoney batter.' *Fresh apparitions appear*, 'Monster, away!' *and all the horrors of the preceding scenes are accumulated.* This 'multiplication is a vexation' to drive the FREISCHUTZ from the *Magic Circle*. *Enter* 'a flourish of Trumpets and enter Tom Thumb.' *Enter a long and strong flourish—of his Cow's tail*; and 'the cow jumps over the moon,' with 'the old Jack Daw and the young Jack Daw, as they sat on the Cow together.'

CASPAR, Six! DEMONS *repeat*, Six, Six!

Six, Six! Six, Six!

CLERK OF THE WORKS, &c. *below*, Nix,

Nix! No Tricks! It sticks!

**BALL 7.** *A Tree is rent asunder by a Fire-bolt, and burns to Fire-wood. A Fire Balloon in clouds of fire, discharges fire-balls.—Enter a Fire-Office with fire-policy, and firemen in fire new jackets with a fire-engine—they take up the fire-plug—every thing takes fire, and the engine works fire-works.—Enter a bailiff inflamed, with a Fieri-facias.—Enter the Fire-master with his fire-stick, fire-brush, fire-pan, fire-shovel, and other fire-irons. The Torrent turns to a sea of fire, with a fire-ship. The rocks turn to fire-stone. Enter Fire-arms, firing. Enter St. Anthony's fire. Enter a Fire-eater.—Enter Watchmen, with rattles, calling ' Fire!' More fire comes in and none goes out.—Enter ZAMIEL in a sheet of fire!*

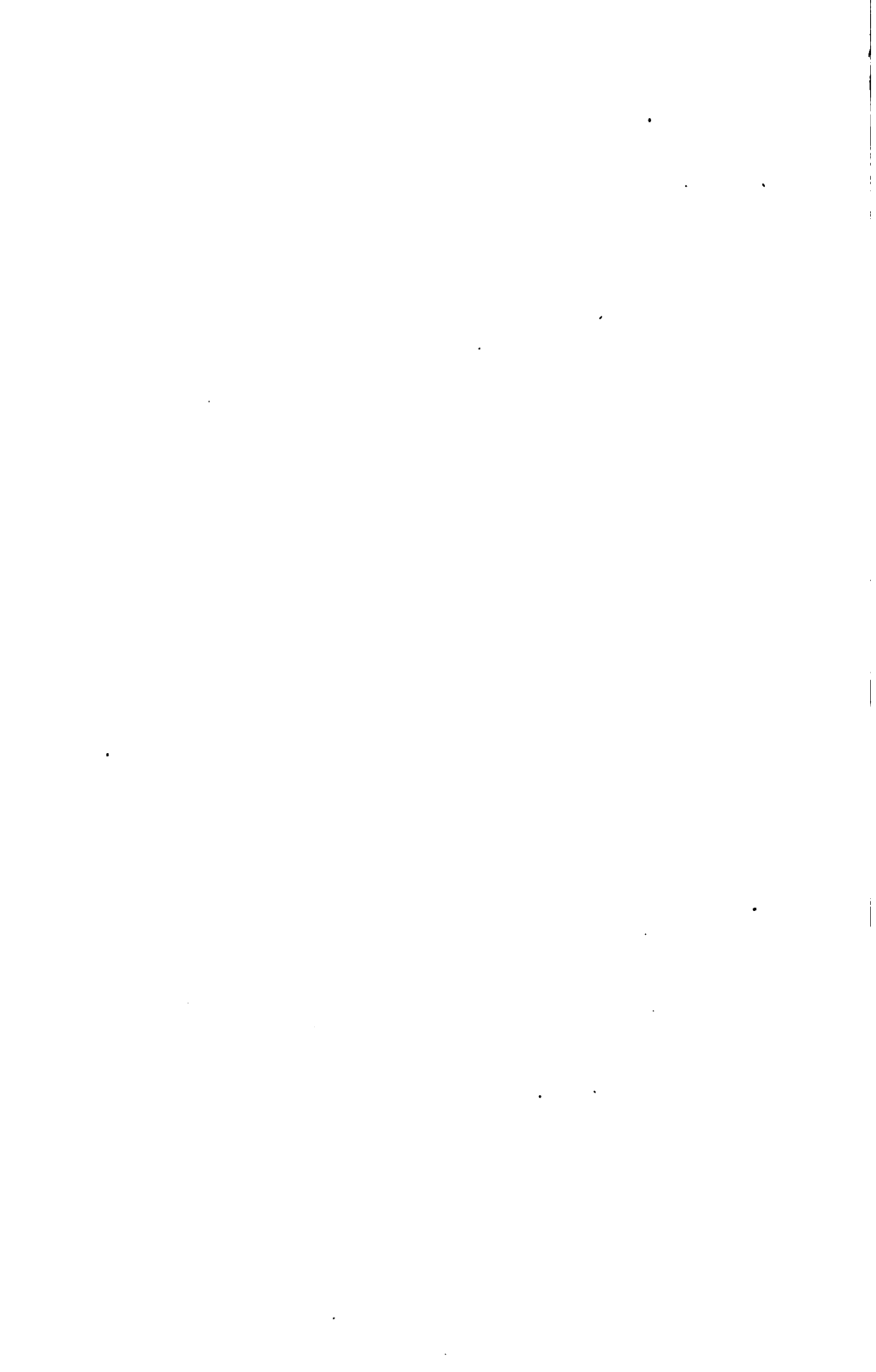
**CASPAR, SEVEN! DEMONS repeat, Seven, Seven!  
SEVEN, SEVEN! SEVEN, SEVEN!**

**CLERK OF THE WORKS, &c. below, A goodly Number!  
A goodly Number! A goodly Number!**

**HURRA! HURRA! HURRA!**

**[THE SCENE ALL ON FIRE, closes as the clock strikes ONE! and the Watchmen cry PAST ONE O'CLOCK!]**

Act 3



# ACT THE THIRD.

## SCENE I.

*An Empty Room.*

*Enter on one side AGNES, with a bird-organ. Enter on the other side RODOLPH, with a hand-organ. They play at each other.*

*[Exeunt playing, 'A bird in the hand,' &c.]*

## SCENE II.

*The Forest.*

FIRST HUNTSMAN (*significantly*).

Wild work in the Glen last night, I say!

SECOND HUNTSMAN (*timidly*).

And the forest is wild with the fright to-day!

THIRD HUNTSMAN (*mysteriously*).

And Rodolph this morning has not *mist* a shot!

*Enter RODOLPH.*

FIRST HUNTSMAN.

Hit or miss, master Rodolph, you'll go to pot!

*Exeunt the THREE HUNSMEN in a hurry—Enter RODOLPH, he eyes them suspiciously as they go—Enter CASPAR.*

RODOLPH *to* CASPAR.

I've kill'd with three balls out of my four,  
But one remains—have you any more ?

CASPAR *to* RODOLPH.

I've kill'd with two balls out of my three,  
But one remains—

RODOLPH.

Give it to me : [*Caspar shakes his head.*

Now that's ill natured ! spare it, for I  
Must kill a fat buck.

CASPAR.

Very well ! try  
A ball on yourself—for there's not a fatter.

*Enter* PRINCE'S SERVANT *to* RODOLPH.

The Prince commands your presence on a matter  
That's very urgent.

RODOLPH.

Tell him I obey.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

Now do oblige me with the other, pray !

CASPAR.

At present, Rodolph, I had rather not ;  
I *may* (*mysteriously*)—you understand (*nods*)—the *Trial*  
*shot* ! [*Exit* RODOLPH.

CASPAR (*solus*).

Yes, yes, poor fool ! he's in the lurch !  
I'll let him flutter on the perch,  
Until his death shall give me three  
Years further life ! Come—Let me see—(*musings*)  
Five Balls are gone—a sixth remains ;—

[*a fox runs across.*

That fox shall have it in his brains

[*fires and kills the fox with the sixth bullet.*

Rodolph's is seventh (*exultingly*) and his last hour  
 Is when he fires it. Zamiel's power  
 Secures me *that*, and I'm content ;  
 For Agnes then may, perhaps, repent  
 She turn'd me off, and I may marry  
 Her, when the ninny's with old Harry.

## SCENE III.

*Room in KUNO's House.*

*Enter AGNES, to her ANNE.*

ANNE.

Ah, my dear Agnes ———

AGNES.

Do not speak!

ANNE.

Not on your wedding day ?

AGNES.

I'm weak

In health! I dreamt such a shocking dream,—

I dreamt, I scream'd such a shocking scream ! [*weeps.*]

ANNE.

Brides' tears, and showers in May,

Very quickly pass away !

*Enter a crowd of Little Girls dressed in white, with  
 baskets of flowers.*

SONG—CHILDREN.

“ Let not sorrow venture now ”———

[*AGNES interrupts them.*]

## AIR.

*Ye scamps, ye pads, ye divers.*

AGNES *in a rage.*

You are a set of minxes  
 To bother me to-day,  
 And put me to expences  
 I can't afford to pay!  
 Who gave you all a holiday?  
 You jades I'll have you stript!  
 I'll go and see your Ma'am to-day  
 And get your bottoms whipt!

*[Children all cry.*

ANNE *sings to AGNES violently.*

Why what d'ye mean by this Miss!

I told 'em to come here!

And for you thus to dismiss

'Em—do it if you dare!

ANNE *sings to the children tenderly.*

Come do not cry my darlings

For this is a gay day;

But sing away like starlings

And then kiss the Lady!

*[All the children sing, and some cry*

*“Let not sorrow venture now,” &c.*

AGNES *(repentantly, and to the Children good-naturedly).*

Kind Chits! your mirth distresses me

Retire! something oppresses me.

*[walks silently, and in deep reflection.*

AGNES *beckons the children back—writes thoughtfully on paper, and recites, what she has written, to the Children, as if teaching them.*

ANNE.

Methought, dear Agnes, that you seem'd a musing !  
I wish you'd let the children be amusing,  
Poor dears ! compose yourself and do not flout 'em

AGNES (*sighs*).

I thought, just now, you look'd like Caleb Quotem !  
Don't now be cross ! (*sighs again*) it is my last petition !  
It's *new*, you know (*sobs aloud*), to — cha—ange ones  
condition. [*wipes her eyes.*]

ANNE.

Emblem of that approaching change,  
In a half moon they round you range.  
(*Children come forward and form a semi-circle.*)

# SONG—CHILDREN.

*There was a little man.*

There is a young hunt's man,  
And he has a jolly gun,  
And his bullets they are made of lead ;  
He saw a buxom buck,  
A sitting by a brook,  
And he shot him in the head, dead, dead !  
And be shot, &c.  
This handsome young hunt's man.  
With his very jolly gun,  
To Miss Agnes will be marri—ed ;  
Himself may have the luck,  
To be a buxom buck,  
With horns upon his head, head, head !  
With horns, &c.

AGNES (*smiles*).

Sweet little innocents ! I hope  
They never will have cause to mope !  
[*mopes and exit with Anne and the Children.*]

## SCENE IV.

*Unseen.*A SONG—*Sings itself.**Galloping dreary dun.*

Fine singers we have, both woman and man,

Gallop O! fly away! jump!

They all bravura, as fast as they can,

They mock Catalani,

Up long laney,

Bawling,

Squalling,

Galloping all away! drag and trail,—die away—plump!

They come on the stage, so fine and so gay,

Gallop O! fly away! jump!

They mount in the air, and they ride away,

They mock Catalani, &amp;c.

They canter one off, all into the dark,

Gallop O! fly away! jump!

The Jack-bottom sings, instead of the lark,

They mock Catalani, &amp;c.

They let off a trill, and it asks the way,

Gallop O! fly away! jump!

They quiver and shake—oh! I bid you good day,

They mock Catalani, &amp;c.

Such singing I guess, does nobody good,

Gallop O! fly away! jump!

Notes wander about, like the babes in the wood,

They mock Catalani, &amp;c.



My girl's the prize ; I wish Rodolph to have her  
Let him fire first—he's shy and quite reserv'd

PRINCE.

I'll *think* ! Old customs, Sir, must be observ'd.

KUNO *leading* AGNES.

May't please your Majesty ! behold the Bride !

PRINCE (*kisses* AGNES).

A charming blister this, for Rodolph's side !

Rodolph ! she's raised one on my lips already,

They burn for more (*kisses her again*). Young man,  
if you are steady,

You'll have a charming family. Make ready !

[RODOLPH *loads with the Seventh Bullet.*

### AIR.

*Oh dear, what can the matter be ?*

RODOLPH.

Oh dear ! they're all in a titter—ee—

Oh dear ! I'm all in a twitter—ee—

Dear, Dear ! what can the matter be ?

I cannot shoot I declare !

AGNES.

It's courage wins women, why should you lack a bit ?

ROLLO (*gives him a glass of liquor and a gingerbread  
nut*).

No fudges ! here's Hodges ! come drink, and crack a  
bit !

KUNO.

Good Caspar, help him ! go stand at his back a bit !

*All Chorus.* Shoot at the Pigeon out there !

CASPAR *stands upright, with his back to RODOLPH* ; RODOLPH *leans his back against CASPAR's back* ; while *back to back*, RODOLPH *takes aim at the pigeon before him* ; CASPAR *still backing him, says sneeringly (aside), "He'll shoot at the pigeon and kill the crow."* The Fiddle plays ' By the mark—SEVEN !'

RODOLPH *fires, and ZAMIEL's toe*  
*Skews the ball where 'tis to go ;*  
*Thus guided, it, with tortuous reach,*  
*Turns round, hits CASPAR on the breech—*  
 Oh ! Oh ! *says he, I'm up to snuff !*  
 It's No. 7 ! I've enough !  
*His bottom fails, and down he falls,*  
*And loud for help, while falling, calls ;*  
*And, as he feels himself unstitch,*  
*Calls ZAMIEL a son of a — which*  
*No sooner said, than ZAMIEL nicks him,*  
*Then pulls him by the nose and kicks him ;*  
*And, raging with infernal ire,*  
*Vanishes with him in a flash of fire !*  
 [Exeunt CASPAR below.

PRINCE.

Rodolph, explain !

*Aërial music, from marrow-bones and cleavers, playing Oranges and Lemons, and accompanying the GHOST OF AGNES' SHOE ; which Appearance appears, to clear up appearances.*

GHOST.

It cannot be  
 By any one explain'd but me !

To Rodolph I appear'd last night  
And, though he chose to put a slight  
Upon me, I still follow'd, and,  
Upon a rock I took my stand,  
As his Grandmother in her shroud,  
To warn him; but, before I could  
Begin to speak, was push'd aside  
By a mere sham Ghost of his bride!  
Then Caspar cast a charmed ball,  
To work this happy pair's down-fall  
By Rodolph's death—it was the shot  
By Rodolph fir'd. By art I got  
On Zamiel's foot, turn'd the ball round  
And thus gave Caspar his death wound—  
Except for this, for certain 'twou'd  
Have separated you for good!

[*To Rodolph and Agnes.*

Give me your hands—you now are one—  
Be married straight.

[*The Ghost tenderly joins the hands of Rodolph  
and Agnes, and proceeds thus :—*

Now all is done!

Except, that Rollo must confess  
His share in Caspar's wickedness,  
And who were their accomplices.

AIR.

ROLLO (*tipsey*).

*Billy Taylor.*

Jasper Caspar was a wicked fellow,  
He and I were cronies—he loved to be free,  
And his mind he did diskiver  
To no body but to me !  
Liddle lol, de liddle lol, &c.

PRINCE.

Hold ! Seize that knave !

ROLLO (*reeling*).

Don't be imprudent,  
I'm nothing but a *charming* student !

PRINCE.

Carry him off!—give him the *rack* !

ROLLO (*calls out*).

“ A *go*—as usual !”

KUNO.

O ! Good lack !

RODOLPH (*kneels with* AGNES).

May't please your Majesty ! we all implore  
Pardon for Rollo !

ALL (*kneeling*.)

Do !

ROLLO (*tumbles down*).

I *fall* before

You, Sir—I ask your pardon.

PRINCE.

For all

Your sakes I pardon him. Be *moral* ! [to ROLLO.

## AIR.

*Old Tune.*

ROLLO.

Good People all, who deal with the devil !

Be warn-ed now, by what I say !

His *credit's* long, and his tongue is civil,

But you'll have the devil to *pay* !

GHOST.

That's very proper ! Come now, just

Let's have a song——

ANNE.

And dance !—

ALL.

We must !

RODOLPH.

Here, Rollo, call a dance ; be handy

Man ; don't be glumpy——

ROLLO (*flasks*).

Drops of Brandy !

GHOST to ROLLO.

Reform, or ruin—take your choice !

Rodolph, I hear you've got a voice.

[RODOLPH *looks sheepish*.]

You can't do better than your best ;

Sing something merry, that the rest

Can dance to. It's a good job done

To kill two birds with the same stone !

[*Tune from the Fiddle, and Dance to the Chorus.*]

AIR.

*Tyrolese Song of Liberty.*

RODOLPH.

Merrily every heel here boundeth,

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

ROLLO.

Dear Miss Ghost, your praise here soundeth

Merrily oh! merrily oh!

RODOLPH.

Not wild Huntsmen's balls fly so fleetly—

ROLLO.

Not a *satin* dram tastes so sweetly—

RODOLPH and ROLLO.

As the praise that here surroundeth

Your Ghostness oh! your Ghostness oh!

*Chorus*, Merrily, merrily, merrily! &c.

GHOST.

Verily now o'er hill and valley,

Verily oh! verily oh!

From your praises I must sally (*blushes modestly*),

Verily oh! verily oh!

(*Curtsies, and vanishes in the air, with marrow-bones and cleavers playing, ' Merrily oh!'*)

ROLLO.

What a *charming* Ghost!

RODOLPH.

And what bravery!

AGNES.

How glad I am!



KUNO (*snaps his fingers*).

Well, truth beats knavery !

ANNE.

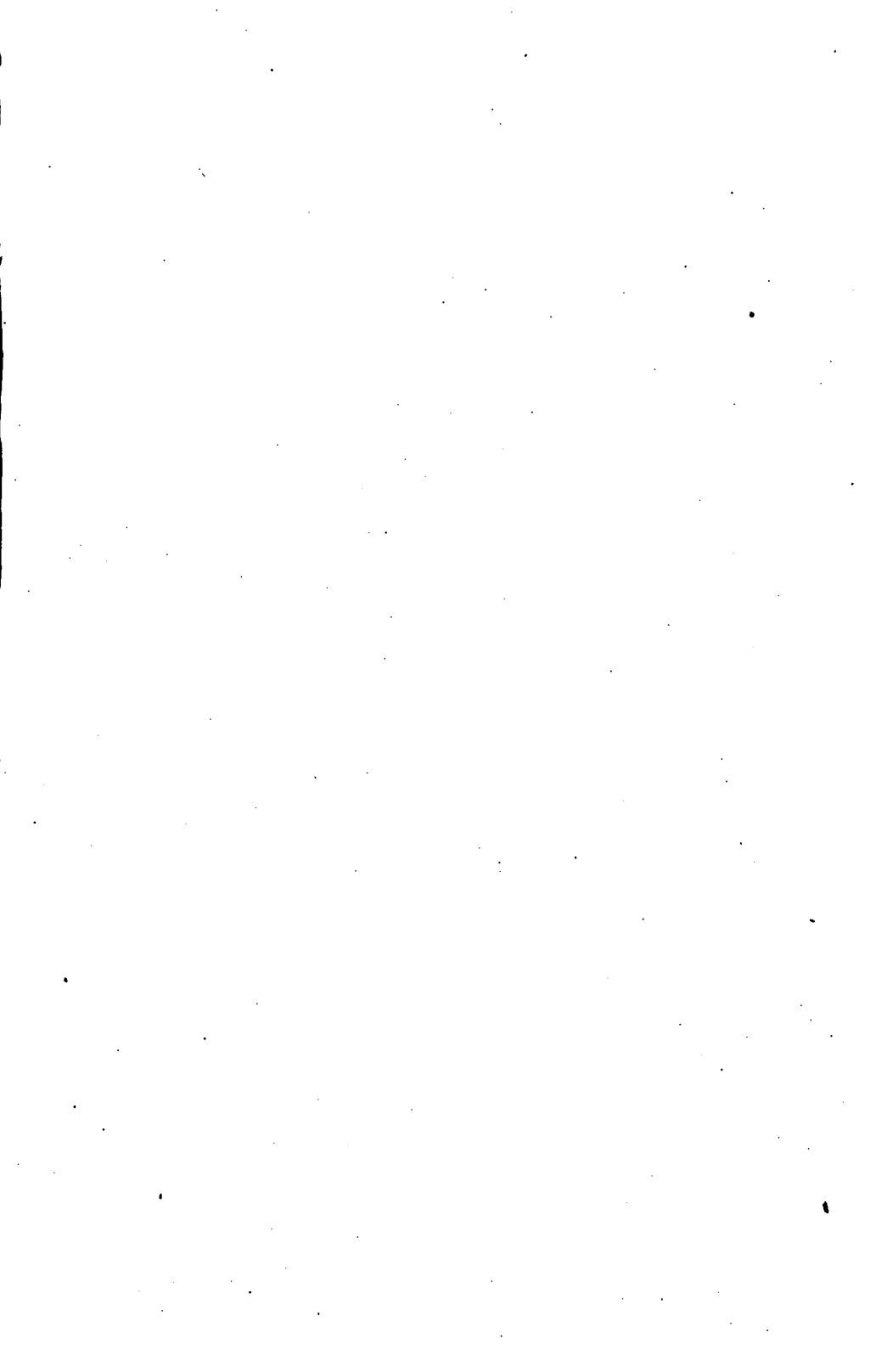
Round the fiddler's fiddle, rally !

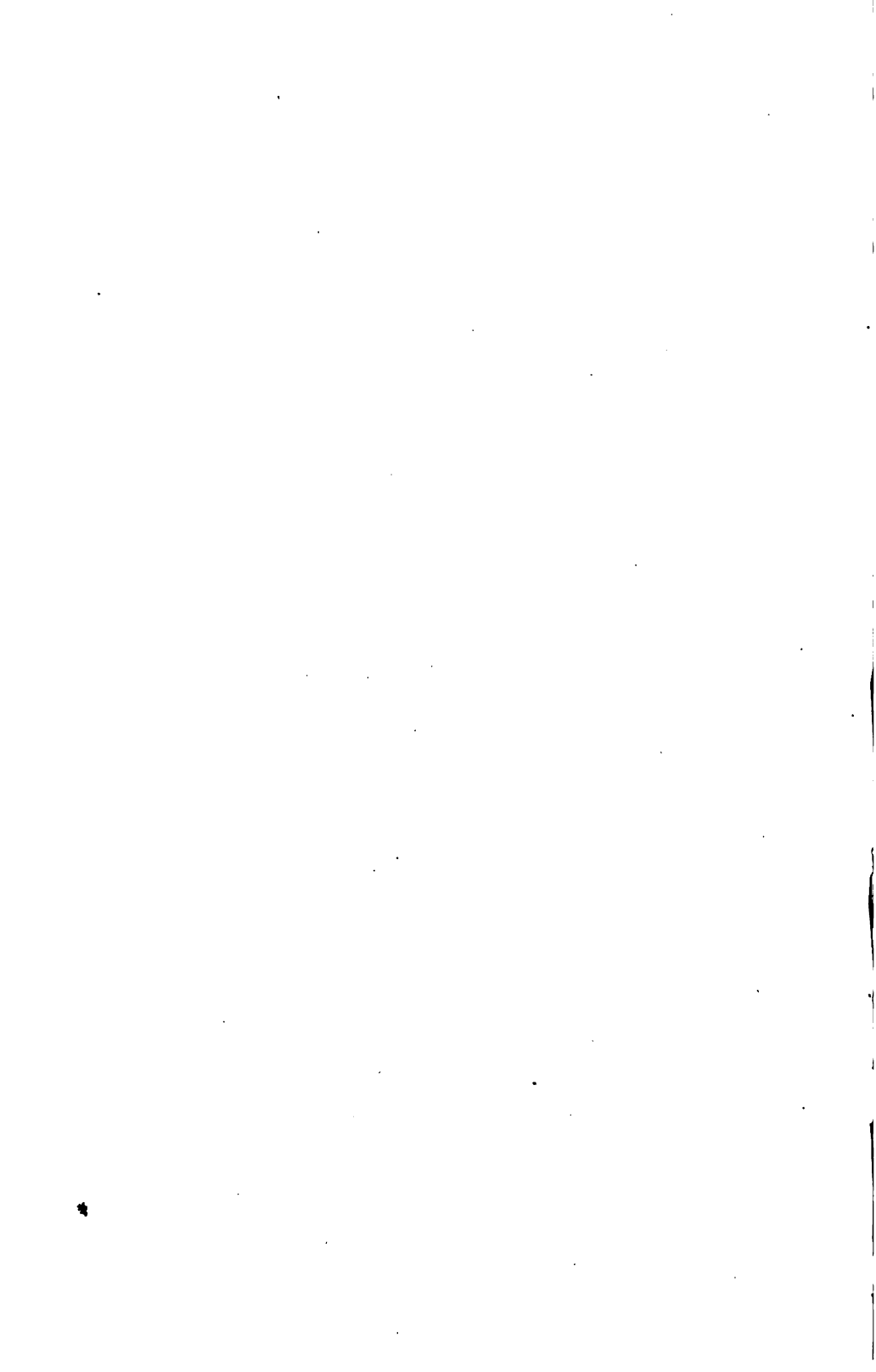
Merrily oh ! merrily oh !

*Chorus*, Merrily, merrily, merrily ! &c.

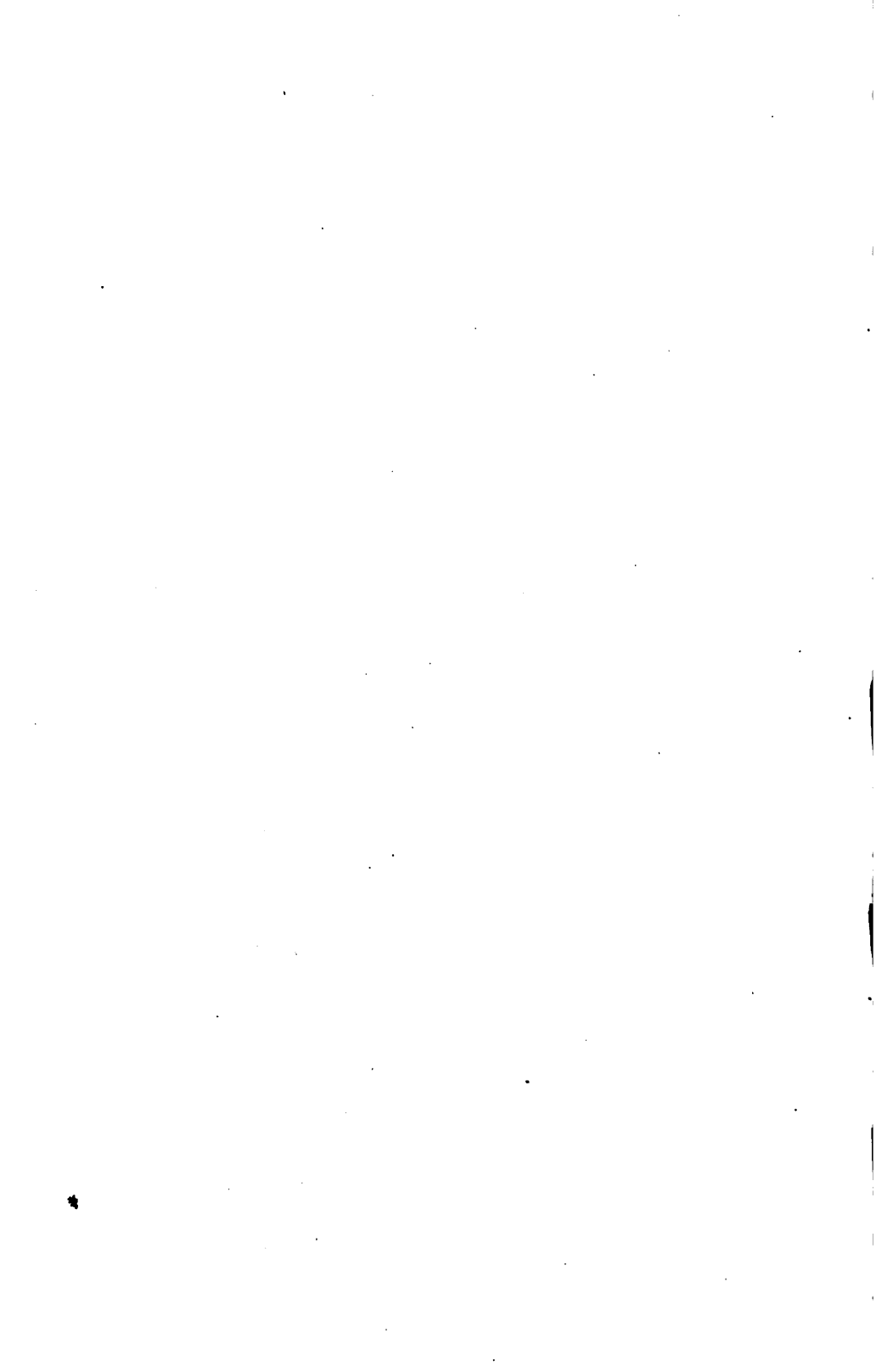
[*Curtain falls.*

THE END.





*Etchings*

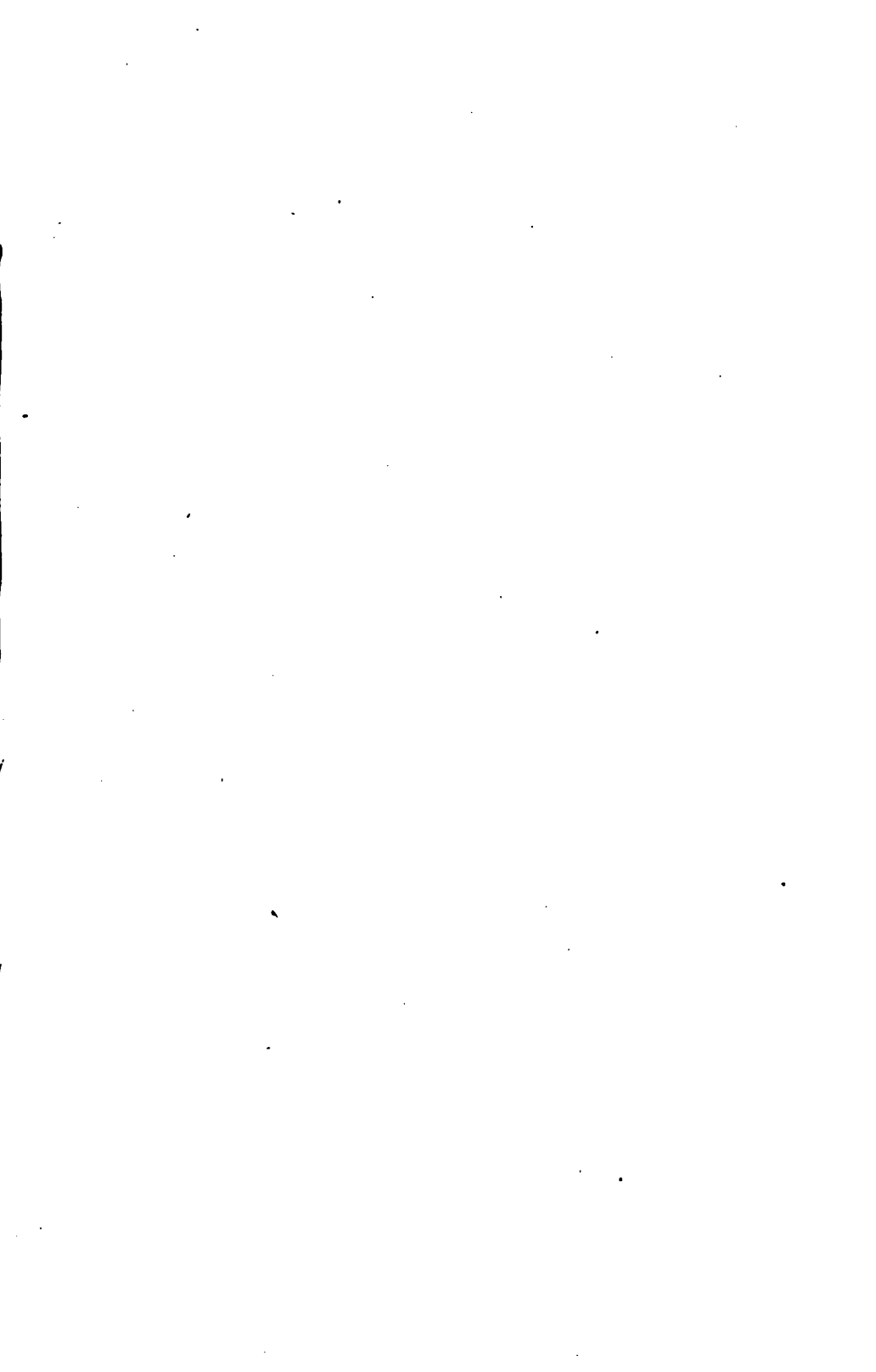


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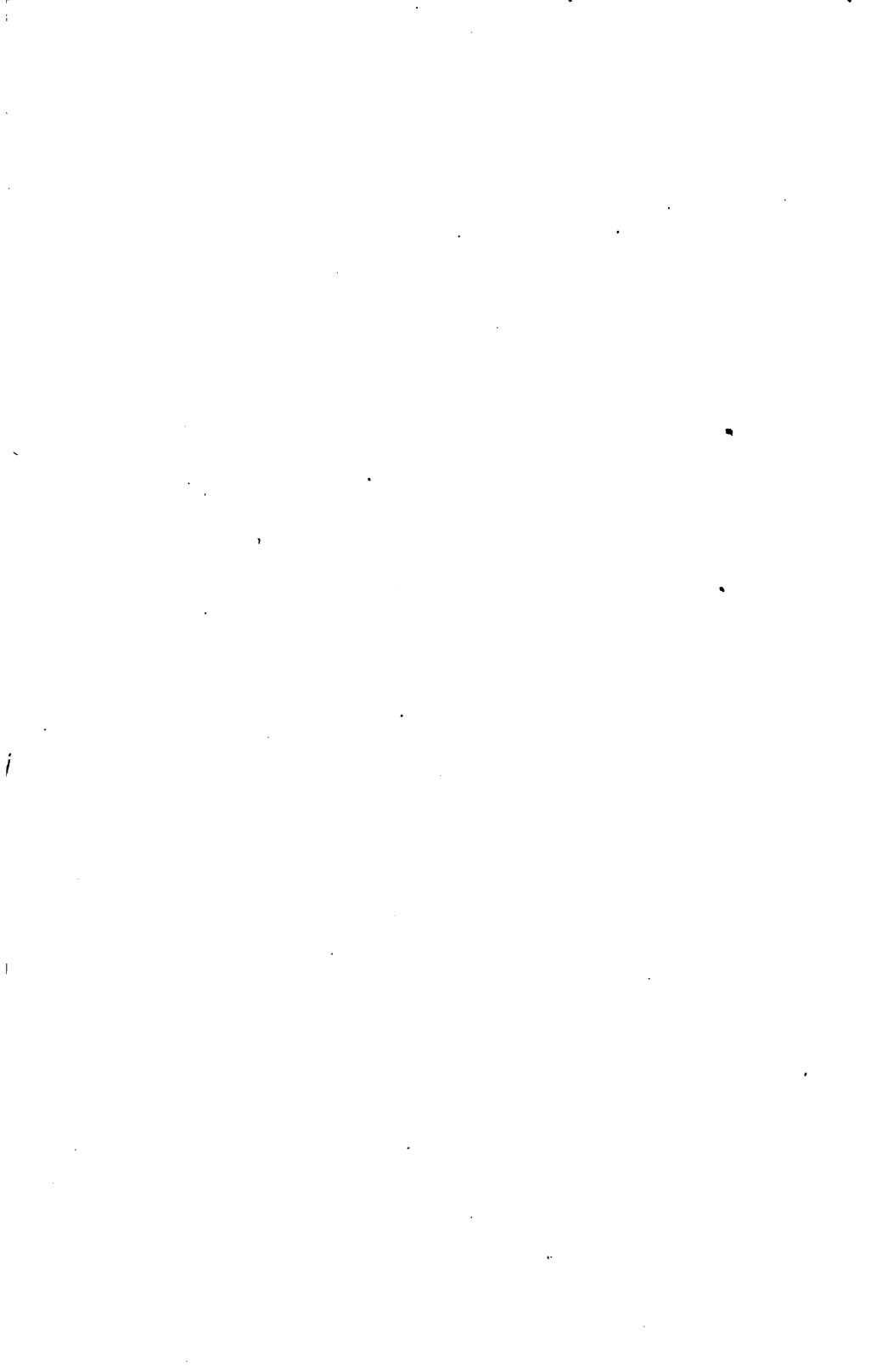


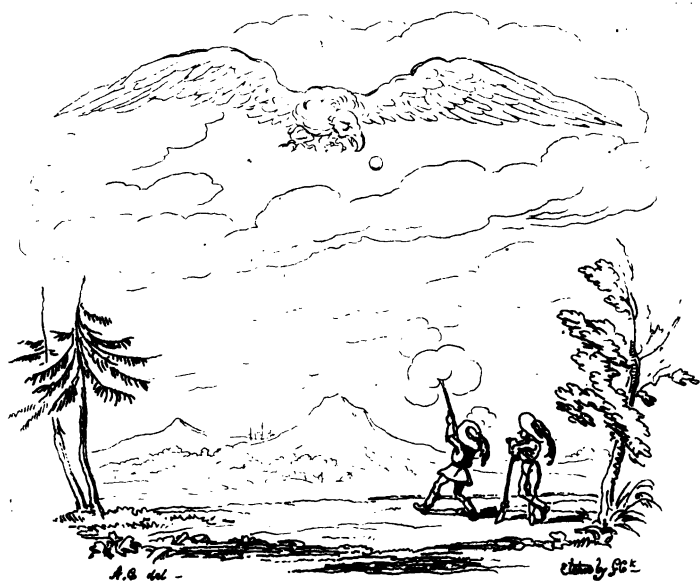
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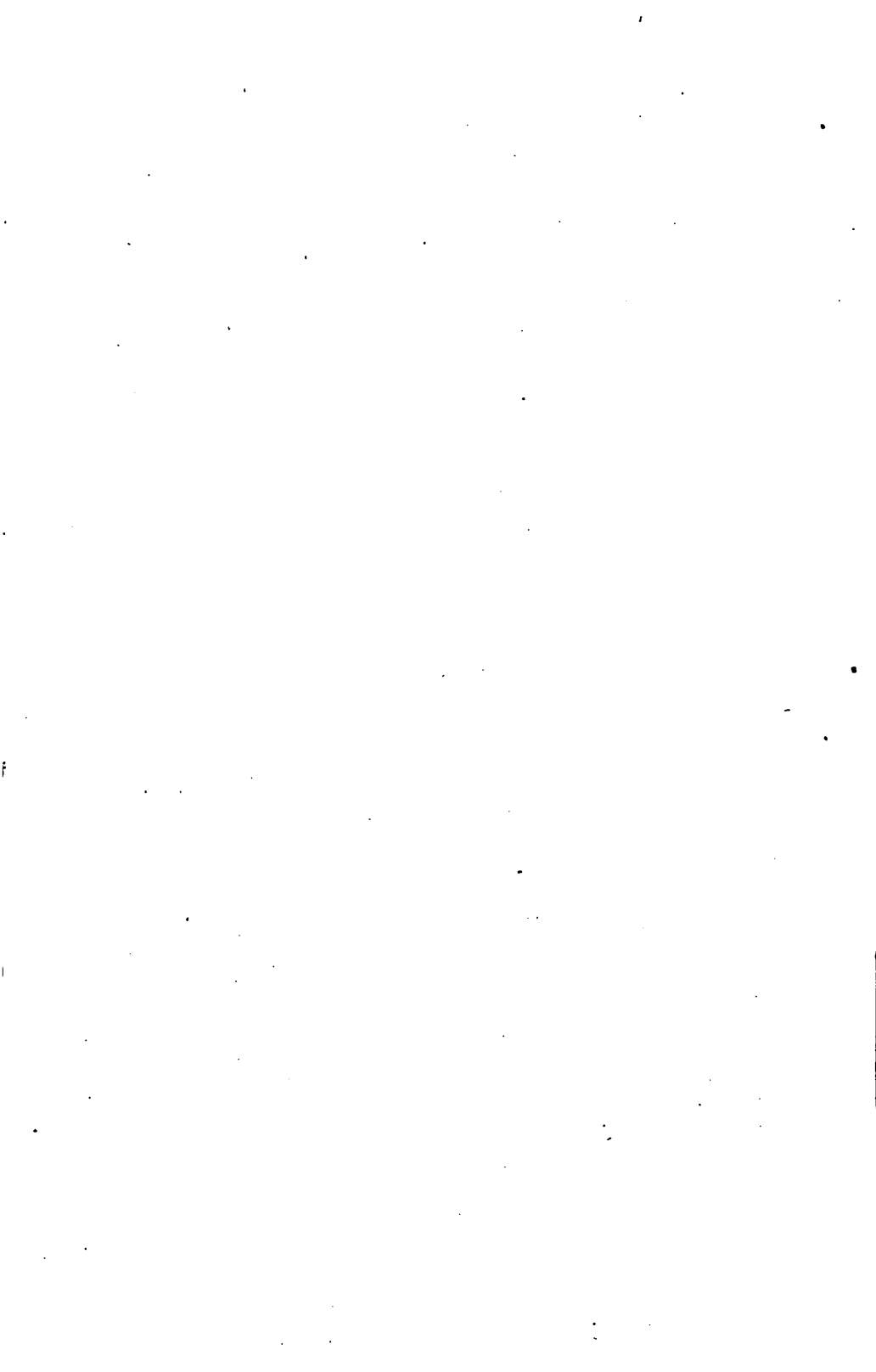
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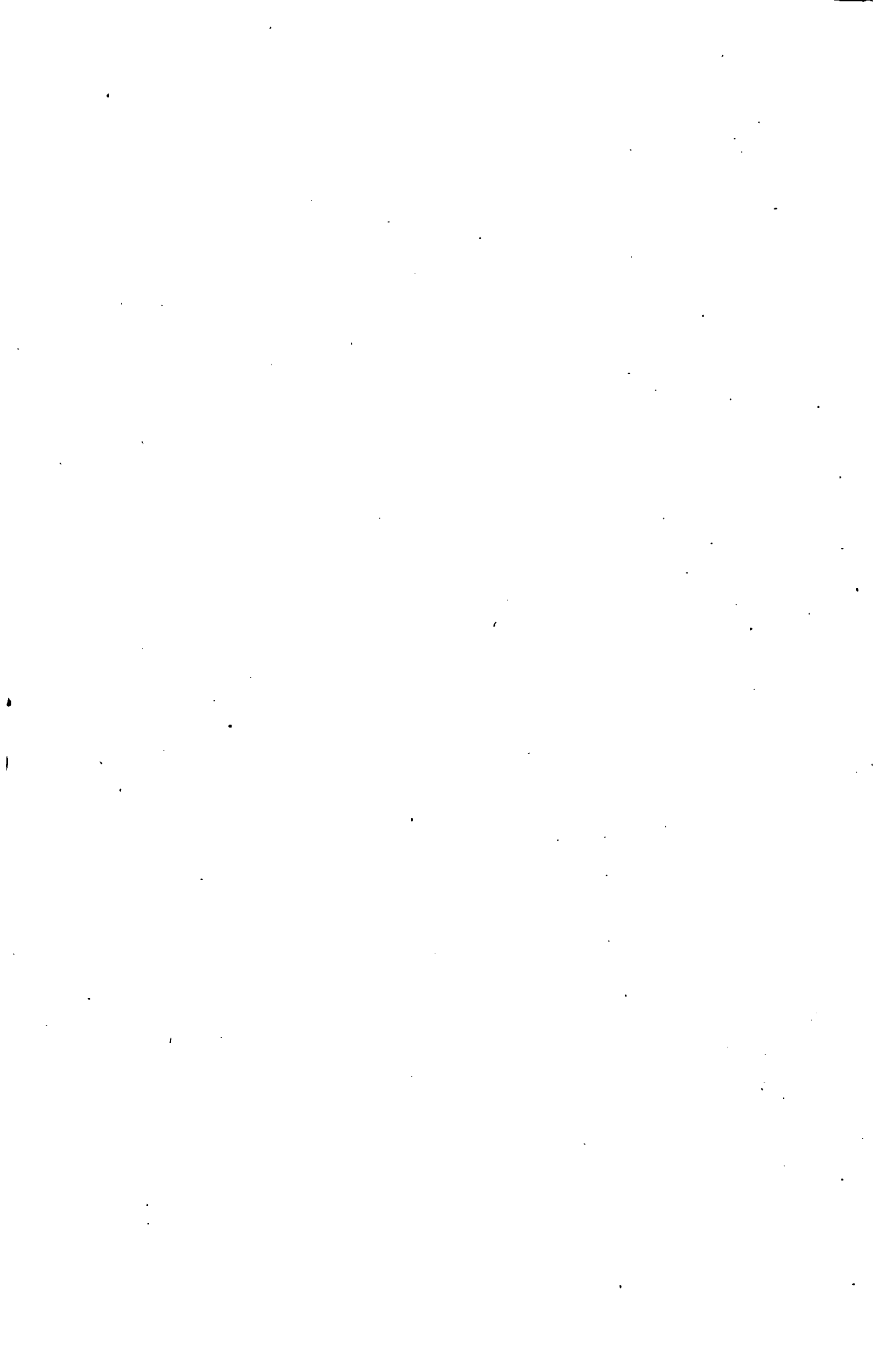




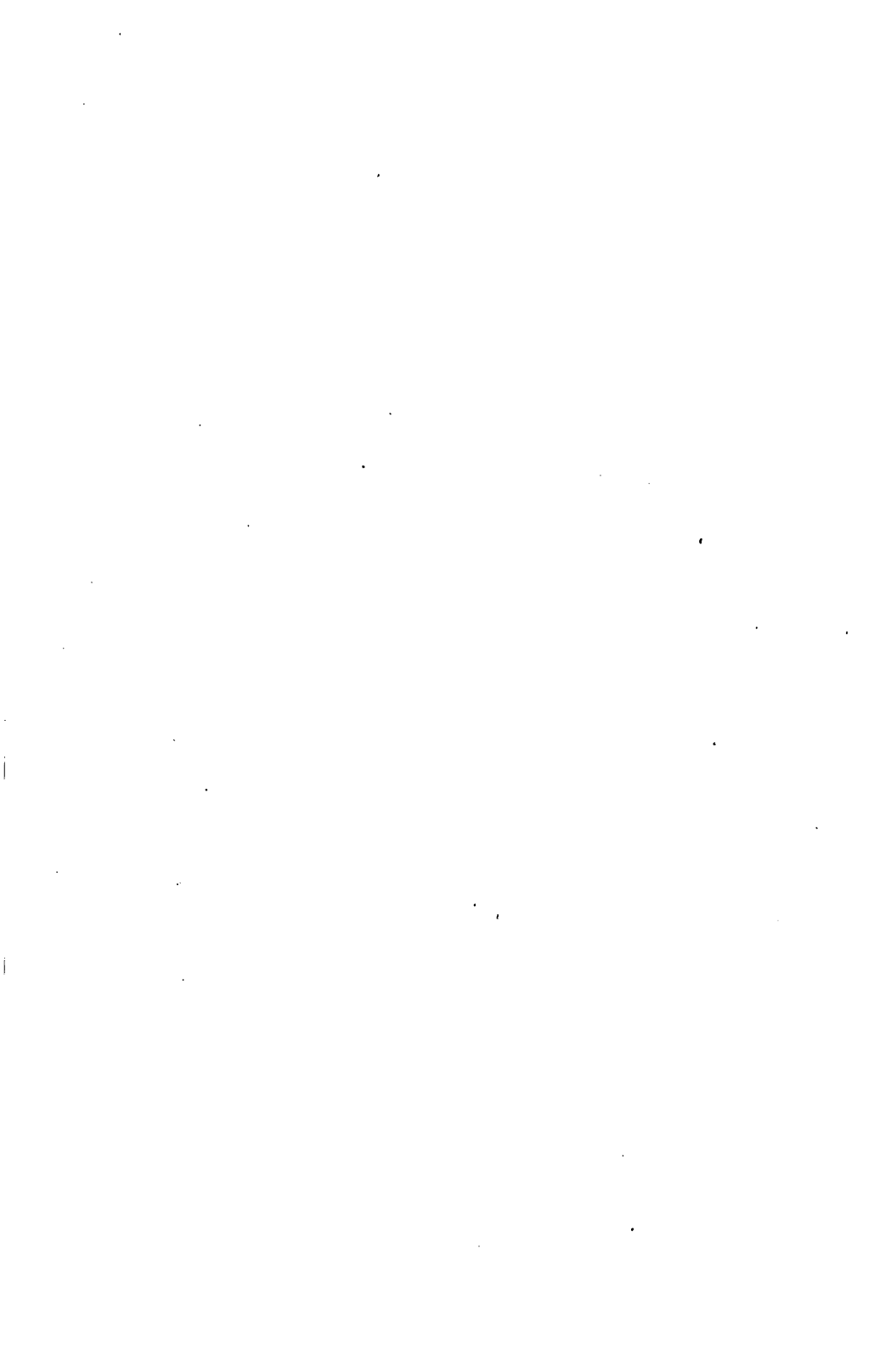


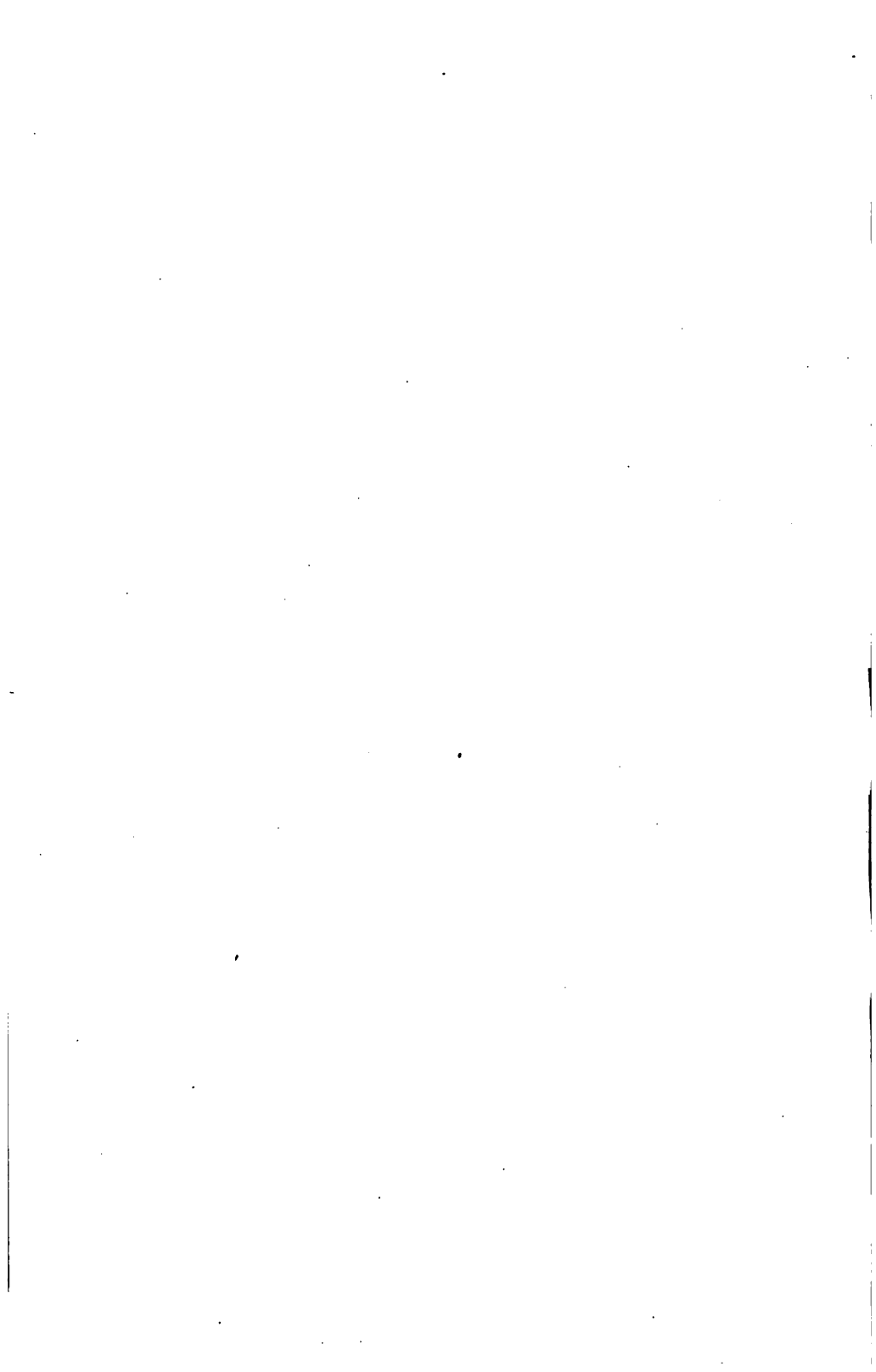




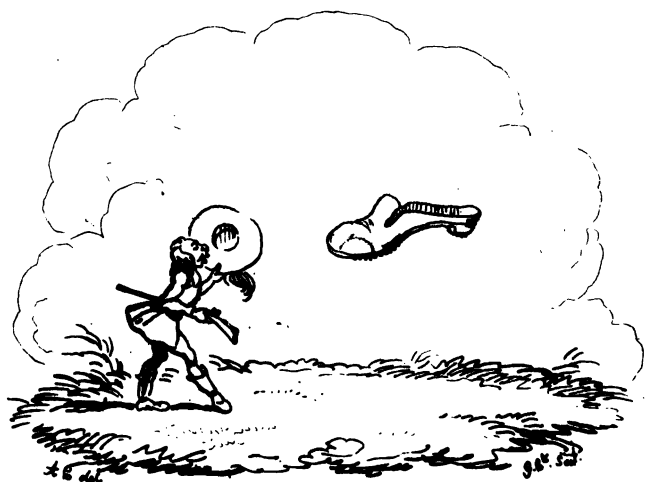


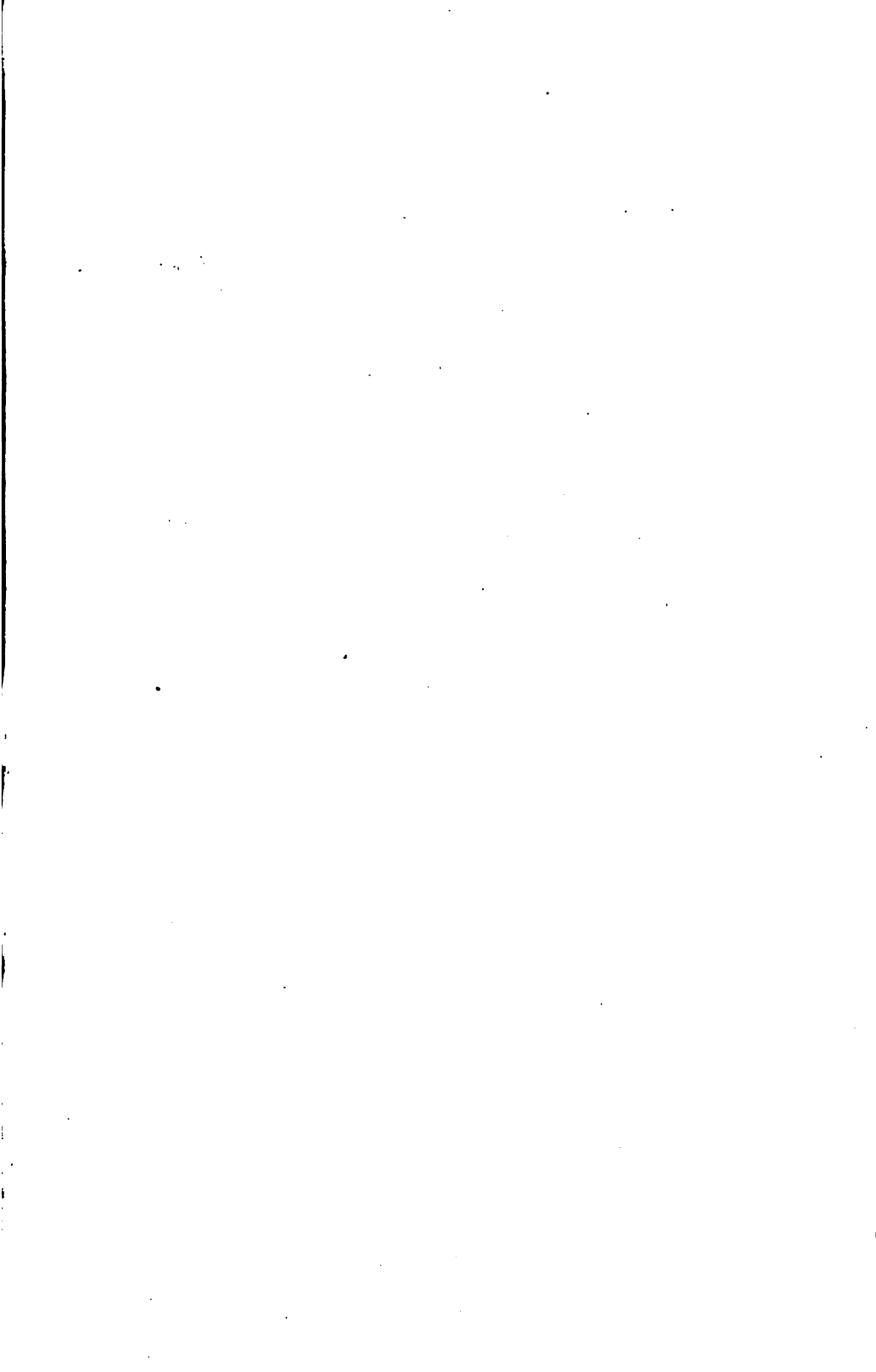


















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